

A  
C O M P A N I O N  
IN A  
P O S T - C H A I S E;  
OR, AN  
A M U S E M E N T  
FOR A  
LEISURE HOUR at HOME:

CONTAINING  
A CAREFUL SELECTION  
FROM THE  
Most approved and entertaining PIECES,  
IN  
V E R S E   A N D   P R O S E,  
That have appeared for many Years past.

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POST-CHASER  
OR  
A MUSEUM  
FOR A  
TREASURE HOUSE AT HOME



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**A COM-**



will seldom fail to diffuse a wonderful  
only in his countenance; and be, perhaps,  
a method of lecturing you from any mistake

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## COMPANION

some solicitudes I lately underwent, on ac-  
count of my interest in these pecu-  
lities. Being somewhat more versed in

## POST-CHaise.

take a journey, which was to perform by  
means of a carriage, I had passed a num-  
ber of miles without any sort of difficulty

## AN ADVENTURE.

**I**T is a very convenient piece of know-  
ledge for a person upon a journey, to  
know the appellations with which it is  
proper to address those he happens to meet  
by his way. Some accuracy here may be  
of use to him who would be well directed  
either in the length or the tendency of his  
road; or be freed from any itinerary diffi-  
culties incident to those who do not know  
the country. It may not be indeed impru-  
dent to accost a passenger with a title supe-  
rior to what he may appear to claim. This

B

will

will seldom fail to diffuse a wonderful alacrity in his countenance ; and be, perhaps, a method of securing you from any mistake of greater importance.

I was led into all these observations by some sollicitudes I lately underwent, on account of my ignorance in these peculiarities. Being somewhat more versed in books than I can pretend to be in the orders of men, it was my fortune to undertake a journey, which I was to perform by means of enquiries. I had passed a number of miles without any sort of difficulty, by help of the manifold instructions that had been given me on my setting out. At length, being something dubious concerning my way, I met a person, whom, from his night-cap and several domestic parts of dress, I deemed to be of the neighbourhood. His station of life appeared to me to be what we call a gentleman farmer ; a sort of subaltern character, in respect of which the world seems not invariably determined. It is, in short, what King Charles the Second esteemed the happiest of all stations ; superior to the toilsome task and ridiculous dignity of constable ; and as much inferior to the intricate practice and invidious decisions  
of

of a justice of peace. "Honest man," says I, "be so good as to inform me whether I am in the way to Mirlington?" He replied, with a sort of furliness, that he knew nothing of the matter; and turned away with as much disgust, as though I had called him rogue or rascal.

I did not readily penetrate the cause of his displeasure, but proceeded on my way, with hopes to find other means of information. The next I met was a young fellow, dressed in all the pride of rural spruceness; and beside him, walked a girl in a dress agreeable to that of her companion. As I presumed him by no means averse to appear considerable in the eyes of his mistress, I supposed a compliment might not be disagreeable; and enquiring the road to Mirlington, addressed him by the name of "Honesty." The fellow, whether to shew his wit before his mistress, or whether he was displeased with my familiarity, I cannot tell, directed me to follow a part of my face, (which I was well assured could be no guide to me) and that other parts would follow of consequence.

The next I met, appeared, by his look and gait, to stand high in his own opinion.



I therefore judged the best way of proceeding was to adapt my phrase to his own ideas, and saluting him by the name of "Sir," desired to obtain some insight into my road. My gentleman, without hesitation, gave me ample instructions for the rest of my journey.

I passed on, musing with myself, why an appellation relative to fortune should be preferred to one founded on merit, when I happened to behold a gentleman examining a sun-dial in his garden. "Friend," says I, "will you tell me what a clock it is?" He made me no sort of answer, and seemed as much dissatisfied with my openness of temper, as with the confidence I placed in his---The refusal of an answer in this case was not of much importance.

I proceeded on my way, and happened to meet a very old woman, whom I determined to accost by the appellation of "Dame;" and withal wished her a good night.---But, alas! she seemed so little pleased with the manner of my address, that she returned me no manner of thanks for my kind wishes as to her repose. It is not clear whether my phrase was faulty, in regard to her dignity, or in respect of her age. But it

it is very probable she might conclude it an impropriety in respect of both.

I had by this time found the inconvenience of an utter ignorance in rural distinctions. The future part of my journey afforded me yet further means of conviction. I was exposed to the danger of three quicksands, by calling a girl "sweetheart," instead of "Madam;" and was within a foot of rushing down a precipice, by calling another, "Forsooth," who might easily have told me how to avoid it.

In short, I found myself well or ill used, as I happened, or not, to suit my salutations to people's ideas of their own rank. Towards the last part of my stage, I was to pass a brook, so much swelled by land-floods, that the proper way through it was undistinguishable. A well-dressed gentleman was passing a bridge on my left-hand. It was here of much importance for me to succeed in my enquiry. I was, therefore, meditating within myself which might be the most endearing of all appellations; and at last besought him to give me some instructions, under the name of "Honest Friend." He was not seemingly so much pleased as I assured myself he would be,

and trudged onward without reply. After this, I had not gone many steps (out of the path, for so it proved) before I found myself and horse plunged headlong in the brook; and my late honest friend in a laughter at our downfall.

I made a shift, however, to recover both myself and horse; and after a few more difficulties, arrived at the end of my journey. I have since made strict enquiry into the due application of such inferior titles, and may, perhaps, communicate them to you, on some future occasion. In the mean time, you may, if you please, consider the vast importance of superior titles, where there is no one so inconsiderable but there is also a mind that it can influence.

When you reflect upon this subject, you will perhaps be less severe on your friend -----, who, you tell me, is now trafficking for this species of dignity. Tender your services with great respect, if you do not chuse to do it with profound veneration; and remember,

*“ Malè si palpere, recalcitrat.”*

SAUCE



## S A U C E

FOR A

## Boiled SHOULDER of MUTTON.

## A T A L E.

**W**ERE you to travel Britain thorough,  
 From the Land's-end to Edinburgh,  
 You would not find, in all your rout,  
 A sign of any kind of note,  
 But where GEORGE ST\*\*NS is known as well  
 As you or I at Stilton Bell. \*  
 Oft, at the Greyhound inn in Bury,†  
 My landlord makes us vastly merry  
 About the wine which GEORGE sent there  
 For his own drinking at the fair.

Of all the men in being, sure  
 There's not a greater epicure!  
 So dainty, whimsical, and nice,  
 No house desir'd to see him twice:  
 Was dinner e'er so elegant,  
 He always would have some complaint:

\* A celebrated inn in Huntingdonshire.

† Bury St. Edmund's, in Suffolk.

Nothing was ever fit to touch,  
 These drest too little, those too much ;  
 Sometimes 'twas this, and sometimes that,  
 This was too lean, and that too fat ;  
 While still the more they strove to please,  
 The more dissatisfied he was,  
 'Till Ned at length was bid to drag  
 The Glo'ster cheese from leathern bag, \*  
 GEORGE thanking, for his grace, the Lord,  
 That ev'ry place would bread afford.

Not long since, at the Swan in Dedham, †  
 A humourous trick the hostess play'd him :  
 GEORGE, having turn'd his horse in stable,  
 Goes to purveying for his table,  
 Old MARTHA asked him if he'd please  
 To have a fowl, or duck and pease ;  
 Beef-stakes, veal cutlets she could get, or  
 A joint of mutton---“ Nothing better,”  
 Cries GEORGE, “ a shoulder---get it done  
 “ 'Gainst I return---let's see---at one.”

\* This gentleman usually travelled with a servant,  
 who carried in the bags a piece of Gloucester cheese,  
 which his master, when in these vagaries, was often  
 wont to order out for his dinner.

† A small town in Essex,

At

At one the dinner came, and ST\*\*NS  
 Began to curse them for their pains; [folks  
 " Roasted!---Humph!--- O my God! these  
 " Are just as fit for saints as cooks.  
 " You have not seen, I dare engage,  
 " A shoulder of mutton roast this age.  
 " Would any with a grain of sense  
 " Have dressed it thus? here take it hence.  
 " By Jove, I know no better thing,  
 " Why, 'tis a dinner for a king,  
 " If I might but have had it boil'd;  
 " But roast! --z--ns! 'tis entirely spoil'd.  
 " Roast shoulder o'mutton, with a pox!  
 " Ah! God sends meat, the Devil cooks.  
 " Roast it, forsooth!---Old Harry roast her!  
 " Come, NED, bring out the end of Glo'ster,  
 " Thank Heav'n, we are not yet so bad,  
 " But bread may even here be had--"  
 ' Sir,' she replies, ' I'm quite uneasy  
 ' The mutton is not dress'd to please ye;  
 ' We always roast 'em here; however,  
 ' I promise, Sir, that I'll endeavour,  
 ' When next you favour me to call at  
 ' My house, to dress it to your palate.'

Well, having sworn and eat his fill,  
 Order'd his horse, and paid his bill,  
 He took his leave.---Next year it chanc'd,  
 As towards Dedham GEORGE advanc'd,

Her



Her son, who, as the story goes,  
 Was keeping near the road her cows,  
 'Spy'd him, a nearer way ran home,  
 And---" Mother, here's the gem'man come,  
 (Breathless thro' haste exclaims the child)  
 " That loves the shoulder o'mutton boil'd."  
 My hostess, without more ado,  
 Resolv'd, she thought, to fit him now,  
 Sent round the town, a shoulder got,  
 And straightway claps it in the pot.  
 Dinner was serv'd, and now appears,  
 My landlady, with open ears,  
 Expecting to have had them fill'd  
 With praises of the mutton boil'd.  
 " Heigh! bl-d and o-ns! what have we here?  
 " A shoulder of mutton boil'd, I swear.  
 " My G-d!--a shoulder boil'd!--till now  
 " I ne'er saw such a sight, I vow.  
 " Would any, with a grain of sense,  
 " Have boil'd a shoulder?--Take it hence.  
 " By Jove, I know no better thing,  
 " Why, 'tis a dinner for a King,  
 " If I might but have had it roast;  
 " Pho! carrion is as good almost.  
 " No mortal, sure, like me is serv'd,  
 " I wonder, faith, I am not starv'd:  
 " Here, bring us out the Glo'ster, Ned,  
 " Perhaps we can make shift for bread;  
 " Unless

“ Unless (God knows 'tis like enough!)  
 “ The blockheads too have boil'd the loaf.”

The hostess now all patience lost,  
 ‘ Villain! since neither boil'd nor roast,’  
 She cries, ‘ will suit your dainty jaws,  
 ‘ I'll try to please you with the fauce.’  
 So saying, by the shank she takes  
 The mutton, and, with arm like SLACK's,  
 Brandishes high in air, then slaps  
 It reeking hot in GEORGE's chaps;  
 Now this, now that side, till his face  
 Was buried beneath blood and grease;  
 He, as unable to withstand  
 The weight of her victorious hand,  
 As erst renowned HUDIBRAS  
 The force of matchless TRULLA was,  
 Thro' the re-echoing kitchen reels,  
 She with the mutton at his heels,  
 Nor ever looks behind him more  
 Until he gains the stable-door:  
 Then mounts with greatest diligence,  
 Nor e'er's been seen at Dedham since.

EDWIN

## EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

A BALLAD. By Dr. GOLDSMITH.

“ **T**URN, gentle hermit of the dale,  
“ And guide my lonely way,  
“ To where yon taper cheers the vale,  
“ With hospitable ray.

“ For here, forlorn and lost I tread,  
“ With fainting steps and flow ;  
“ Where wilds immeasurably spread,  
“ Seem length’ning as I go.”

“ Forbear, my son,” the hermit cries,  
“ To tempt the dang’rous gloom ;  
“ For yonder faithless phantom flies  
“ To lure thee to thy doom.

“ Here to the houseless child of want,  
“ My door is open still ;  
“ And tho’ my portion is but scant,  
“ I give it with good will.

“ Then turn to-night, and freely share  
“ Whate’er my cell bestows ;  
“ My rushy couch, and frugal fare,  
“ My blessing and repose.

“ No



" No flocks that range the valley free,  
" To slaughter I condemn:  
" Taught by that pow'r that pities me,  
" I learn to pity them.

" But from the mountain's grassy side,  
" A guiltless feast I bring;  
" A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,  
" And water from the spring.

" Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;  
" All earth-born cares are wrong:  
" Man wants but little here below,  
" Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heav'n descends,  
His gentle accents fell;  
The modest stranger lowly bends,  
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure  
The lonely mansion lay,  
A refuge for the neighb'ring poor,  
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch,  
Requir'd a master's care!  
The wicket op'ning with a latch,  
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And

And now, when busy crowds retire  
 To take their evening rest,  
 The hermit trimm'd his little fire,  
 And cheer'd his pensive guest ;

And spread his vegetable store,  
 And gayly prest, and smil'd,  
 And skill'd in legendary lore,  
 The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth  
 Its tricks the kitchen tries,  
 The cricket chirrups in the hearth ;  
 The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart  
 To sooth the stranger's woe ;  
 For grief was heavy at his heart,  
 And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spy'd  
 With answ'ring care oppress'd :  
 " And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,  
 " The sorrows of thy breast ?

" From better habitations spurn'd,  
 " Reluctant dost thou rove ;  
 " Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,  
 " Or unregarded love ?

" Alas !

“ Alas ! the joys that fortune brings,  
“ Are trifling and decay ;  
“ And those who prize the paltry things,  
“ More trifling still than they.

“ And what is friendship but a name,  
“ A charm that lulls to sleep,  
“ A shade that follows wealth or fame,  
“ But leaves the wretch to weep ?

“ And love is still an emptier sound,  
“ The modern fair one’s jest,  
“ On earth unseen, or only found  
“ To warm the turtle’s nest.

“ For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,  
“ And spurn the sex,” he said ;  
But, while he spoke, a rising blush  
His love-lorn guest betray’d.

Surpriz’d he sees new beauties rise  
Swift mantling to the view,  
Like colours o’er the morning skies,  
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,  
Alternate spread alarms,  
The lovely stranger stands confest  
A maid in all her charms.

“ And



- “ And, ah, forgive a stranger rude,  
“ A wretch forlorn,” she cry’d,  
“ Whose feet unhallow’d thus intrude  
“ Where Heav’n and you reside.
- “ But let a maid thy pity share,  
“ Whom love has taught to stray :  
“ Who seeks for rest, but finds despair  
“ Companion of her way.
- “ My father liv’d beside the Tyne,  
“ A wealthy lord was he ;  
“ And all his wealth was mark’d as mine,  
“ He had but only me.
- “ To win me from his tender arms,  
“ Unnumber’d suitors came ;  
“ Who prais’d me for imputed charms,  
“ And felt or feign’d a flame.
- “ Each hour a mercenary crowd  
“ With richest proffers strove :  
“ Among the rest young Edwin bow’d,  
“ But never talk’d of love.
- “ In humble, simplest habit clad,  
“ No wealth nor pow’r had he ;  
“ Wisdom and worth were all he had,  
“ But these were all to me.
- “ The

- “ The blossoms op’ning to the day,  
“ The dews of heav’n refin’d,  
“ Could nought of purity display,  
“ To emulate his mind:
- “ The dew, the blossom on the tree  
“ With charms inconstant shine;  
“ Their charms were his, but, woe to me,  
“ Their constancy was mine!
- “ For still I try’d each fickle art,  
“ Importunate and vain;  
“ And while his passion touch’d my heart,  
“ I triumph’d in his pain:
- “ Till, quite dejected with my scorn,  
“ He left me to my pride,  
“ And sought a solitude forlorn,  
“ In secret, where he died.
- “ But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,  
“ And well my life shall pay;  
“ I’ll seek the solitude he sought,  
“ And stretch me where he lay.---
- “ And there forlorn, despairing, hid,  
“ I’ll lay me down and die:  
“ ’Twas so for me that Edwin did,  
“ And so for him will I.”
- C “ Forbid

" Forbid it, heav'n!" the hermit cry'd,  
And clasp'd her to his breast;  
The wond'ring fair one turn'd to chide,  
'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

" Turn, Angelina, ever dear,  
" My charmer, turn to see  
" Thy own, thy long lost Edwin here,  
" Restor'd to love and thee!

" Thus let me hold thee to my heart,  
" And ev'ry care resign:"  
" And shall we never, never part,  
" My life---my all that's mine?"

" No, never from this hour to part,  
" We'll live and love so true,  
" The sigh that rends thy constant heart,  
" Shall break thy Edwin's too."

---

DISADVANTAGES  
OF MEETING WITH A  
HANDSOME LANDLADY.

*(In a Letter to a Friend.)*

**I**T has been observed of the writings of the late Henry Fielding, of facetious memory, that he seemed never so happy as when he could



could get into the chimney-corner of an inn-kitchen. In like manner you must have perceived, that my letters to you during my rustication have favoured of the affection which I have always entertained for my honest friend the landlord, and his civil attendants, up from John Boots to Betty Chambermaid. I shall therefore make no apology for giving you an account of the reception I met with at the last inn I put up at; where, indeed, I sufficiently experienced the truth of the following observation of Bishop Corbet:

“All travellers, this heavy judgment hear!

“An handsome hostess makes a reck’ning dear:

“Each word, each look, your purses must  
requite ’em,

“And every welcome adds another *item*.”

My horse and myself being both of a mind with respect to bating, I suffered him to turn in with me to the first inn I came to, which happened to be the Castle; when I was met at the door by a young lady, whom, by her dress, I should have conceived to have been some guest of fashion, if she had not, upon

my alighting, most politely made me an apology, that all her rooms were taken up, and desired me to walk into the little parlour behind the bar. This civility of hers, together with a look that would have unloosed the purse-strings of an old city churl, at once removed all my prudent economical resolutions of eating only just a snap of cold meat, and away: of my own accord I most generously ordered a chicken to be put down; but my landlady dropping an hint that she herself had not dined, I could not resist the temptation of desiring the pleasure of her company to eat with me, which she readily accepted; and, on her observing that the chickens were very small and nice, and to be sure I must be hungry after my ride, I consented to have a couple of them done. She then asked me in a most bewitching manner, if I chose to drink any thing; but, though I declared that I never touched a drop of any liquor before meals, yet she invited me to toss up a glass of sherry, to get me an appetite, which, before, she had concluded I could not want, and she even had the complaisance to pledge me. When dinner was served up, I was surprised to see a dish of eels brought in; and

and on my saying, that I fancied the cook had made a mistake, she most civilly begged ten thousand pardons, and said she thought I had ordered them ; but added, that indeed she did not doubt but I should like them, and for her own part she was excessively fond of them. As that was the case, I could by no means consent to their being taken away ; and, after we had done with the fish and the chickens, a dish of tarts spontaneously made its appearance, without waiting for the word of command. My kind landlady intreated me to taste this, and insisted upon helping me to another, which she assured me was most excellent, till she had either forced upon me, or taken to herself, a bit out of each sort. I should have told you, that, during the dinner, besides the usual concomitants of a tankard of each, I was prevailed on to hob and nob with her in a variety of old beer, cyder, rhenish, mountain, lisbon, &c. and, to crown all, my landlady would even rise from table herself to make me a *cup*, at which she declared she had a most excellent hand. When the cloth was removed, I could not but ask her, what she chose to drink ; to which she modestly answered, whatever I liked, at the



same time hinting to me, that nobody had better French wines than she had. However, I thought proper to disregard all her hints of that kind, and ordered a simple bottle of port. When this was brought, I asked if I should help her; she told me she never touched that sort of wine; so that I could not but call for a pint of Lisbon, which she liked better. She would fain, indeed, have prevailed on me afterwards to suffer her to produce a bottle of claret, of which she said she could drink a glass or two herself; but finding me inflexible on that head, she compounded the matter with me, on bringing me over to consent to our having a flask of Florence, the best that ever was tasted. I need not tell you the agreeable chat, or the pleasing familiarities that passed between us, till it was time for me to mount my horse; but I could not even then get away, without doing her the pleasure first to drink a dish of tea with her, to which a pot of coffee was also added, though I did not touch a drop. In short, her behaviour was so engaging, her looks so inviting, and her artifices so inveigling, that I quite forgot how dear I was to pay for my entertainment, till the dreadful reckoning was called for,

which

which convinced me of the justness of Bishop Corbet's remarks before quoted. Indeed, as I had ordered a superfluity of victuals that I could not eat, and of liquors that I could not drink, and all for the sake of my sweet hostess's company, I think that the bill, instead of the usual articles of bread and beer,---chicken,---wine, &c. might have been made out---for a smile,---an ogle,---a squeeze by the hand,---a chuck under the chin,---a kiss, &c.---so much. For my part, I am determined, for the future, never to set my foot in an inn, where the landlady is not as ugly as Mother Redcap.

Your's,

\* \* \* \*

---

A

L O V E E L E G Y.

**W**HEN, young, life's journey I began,  
     The glitt'ring prospect charm'd my  
 I saw along th' extended plain      [eyes,  
     Joy after joy successive rise :

C 4

And

And fame her golden trumpet blew ;  
 And pow'r display'd her gorgeous charms ;  
 And wealth engag'd my wand'ring view ;  
 And pleasure woo'd me to her arms.

To each by turns my vows I paid,  
 As folly led me to admire ;  
 While fancy magnify'd each shade,  
 And hope increas'd each fond desire.

But soon I found 'twas all a dream,  
 And learn'd the fond pursuit to shun,  
 Where few can reach their purpos'd aim,  
 And thousands daily are undone.

And fame, I found, was empty air ;  
 And wealth had terror for her guest ;  
 And pleasure's path was strewn with care ;  
 And pow'r was vanity at best.

Tir'd of the chace I gave it o'er,  
 And, in a far sequester'd shade,  
 To contemplation's sober pow'r  
 My youth's next services I paid.

There health and peace adorn'd the scene,  
 And oft, indulgent to my pray'r,  
 With mirthful eye and frolic mein,  
 The muse would deign to visit there.

There



There would she oft delighted rove  
 The flow'r-enamel'd vale along;  
 Or wander with me through the grove,  
 And listen to the woodlark's song;

Or, 'mid' the forest's awful gloom,  
 Whilst wild amazement fill'd my eyes,  
 Recal past ages from the tomb,  
 And bid ideal worlds arise.

Thus in the Muse's favour blest,  
 One wish alone my soul could frame;  
 And Heav'n bestow'd, to crown the rest,  
 A friend, and THRYsis was his name.

For manly constancy, and truth,  
 And worth, unconscious of a stain,  
 He bloom'd the flow'r of BRITAIN's youth,  
 The boast and wonder of the plain.

Still with our years our friendship grew,  
 No cares did then my peace destroy;  
 Time brought new blessings as he flew,  
 And ev'ry hour was wing'd with joy.

But soon the blissful scene was lost,  
 Soon did the sad reverse appear;  
 Love came, like an untimely frost,  
 To blast the promise of my year.

I saw

I saw young DAPHNE's angel-form,  
 (Fool that I was, I blest'd the smart)  
 And, while I gaz'd, nor thought of harm,  
 The dear infection seiz'd my heart,

She was--at least in DAMON's eyes--  
 Made up of loveliness and grace;  
 Her heart a stranger to disguise,  
 Her mind as perfect as her face.

To hear her speak, to see her move,  
 (Unhappy I, alas, the while!)  
 Her voice was joy, her look was love,  
 And Heav'n was open'd in her smile!

She heard me breathe my am'rous pray'rs,  
 She listen'd to the tender strain;  
 She heard my sighs, she saw my tears,  
 And seem'd at length to share my pain:

She said she lov'd,---and I, poor youth!  
 (How soon, alas, can hope persuade!)  
 Thought all she said no more than truth,  
 And all my love was well repay'd.

In joys unknown to courts or kings,  
 With her I sate the live-long day,  
 And said and look'd such tender things,  
 As none beside could look or say!

How

How soon can fortune shift the scene,  
 And all our earthly bliss destroy!--  
 Care hovers round, and grief's fell train  
 Still treads upon the heels of joy.

My age's hope, my youth's best boast,  
 My soul's chief blessing and my pride,  
 In one sad moment all were lost,  
 For DAPHNE chang'd, and THYRSIS dy'd.

O who, that heard her vows ere-while,  
 Could dream those vows were insincere?  
 Or who could think, that saw her smile,  
 That fraud could find admittance there?

Yet she was false---my heart will break!  
 Her frauds, her perjuries were such---  
 Some other tongue than mine must speak---  
 I have not pow'r to say how much!

Ye swains, hence warn'd, avoid the bait,  
 O shun her paths, the traitress shun!  
 Her voice is death, her smile is fate,  
 Who hears or sees her is undone.

And, when death's hand shall close my eye,  
 (For soon, I know, the day will come)  
 O cheer my spirit with a sigh,  
 And grave these lines upon my tomb:

The



## The E P I T A P H.

Consign'd to dust beneath this stone,  
 In manhood's prime is DAMON laid;  
 Joyless he liv'd, and dy'd unknown  
 In bleak misfortune's barren shade.

Lov'd by the Muse, but lov'd in vain---  
 'Twas beauty drew his ruin on;  
 He saw young DAPHNE on the Plain;  
 He lov'd, believ'd, and was undone.

His heart then sunk beneath the storm,  
 (Sad meed of unexampled truth!)  
 And sorrow, like an envious worm,  
 Devour'd the blossom of his youth.

Beneath this stone the youth is laid---  
 O greet his ashes with a tear;  
 May heav'n with blessings crown his shade,  
 And grant that peace he wanted here!

ALLEN

ALLEN AND ELLA.

A FRAGMENT.

ON the banks of that crystalline stream  
Where Thames, oft, his current delays;  
And charms, more than poets can dream,  
In his Richmond's bright villa surveys.

Fair Ella ! of all the gay throng  
The fairest that nature had seen,  
Now drew ev'ry village along,  
From the day she first danc'd on the green.

Ah ! boast not of Beauty's fond pow'r,  
For short is the triumph, ye fair !  
No fleeter the bloom of each flow'r ;  
And hope is but gilded despair.

His affection each swain now, behold,  
By riches endeavours to prove ;  
But Ella still cries, what is gold,  
Or wealth, when compar'd to his love ?

Yes, Allen, together we'll wield  
Our sickles in summer's bright day ;  
Together we'll leaze o'er the field,  
And smile all our labours away.

In winter I'll winnow the wheat,  
 As it falls from thy flail on the ground :  
 That flail will be music as sweet,  
 When thy voice in the labour is drown'd.

How oft wou'd he speak of his blifs !  
 How oft would he call her his maid !  
 And Allen would seal with a kiss  
 Ev'ry promise and vow that he laid.

But, hark ! o'er the grass-level land,  
 The village bells found on the plain ;  
 False Allen this morn gave his hand,  
 And Ella's fond tears are in vain.

Sad Ella too soon heard the tale,  
 Too soon the sad cause she was told,  
 That his was a nymph of the vale,  
 That he broke his fond promise for gold.

As she walk'd by the margin so green,  
 Which befringes the sweet river's side,  
 How oft she was languishing seen !  
 How oft' wou'd she gaze on the tide !

By the clear river, then, as she fate,  
 Which reflected herself and the mead,  
 A while she be-wept her sad fate,  
 And the green turf still pillow'd her head.  
 There



There, there! is it Ella I see?  
'Tis Ella, the lost, undone maid!  
Ah! no, 'tis some Ella like me,  
Some hapless young virgin betray'd.

Like me she has sorrow'd and wept,  
Like me she has fondly believ'd;  
Like me her true promise she kept,  
And, like me too, is justly deceiv'd.

I come, dear companion in grief!  
Gay scenes and fond pleasures, adieu!  
I come, and we'll gather relief  
From bosoms so chaste and so true.

Like, you, I have mourn'd the long night,  
And wept out the day in despair;  
Like you, I have banish'd delight,  
And bosom'd a friend in my care.

Ye meadows so lively, farewell!  
Your velvet still Allen shall tread;  
All deaf to the sound of that knell  
Which tolls for his Ella when dead.

Your wish will, too sure, be obey'd;  
Nor Allen her loss shall bemoan;  
Soon, soon shall poor Ella be laid  
Where her heart shall be cold as your own.  
Then

Then twin'd in the arms of that fair  
 Whose wealth has been Ella's sad fate,  
 As together ye draw the free air,  
 And a thousand dear pleasures relate ;

If chance, o'er my turf, as ye tread,  
 Ye dare to affect a fond sigh,  
 The primrose will shrink her pale head,  
 And the violet languish and die.

Ah ! weep not, fond maid ! 'tis in vain ;  
 Like the tears which you lend to the stream ;  
 Tears are lost in that watery plain,  
 And your sighs are still lost upon him.

Scarce echo had gather'd the sound,  
 But she plung'd from her grass-springing bed :  
 The liquid stream parts to the ground,  
 And the mirror clos'd over her head.

The swains of the village, at eve,  
 Oft meet at the dark-spreading yew ;  
 There wonder how man could deceive  
 A bosom so chaste and so true.

With garlands, of ev'ry sweet flow'r,  
 (Which Ella herself shou'd have made)  
 They raise up a short-living bow'r,  
 And, sighing, cry---"Peace to her shade."  
 The

Then, hand lock'd in hand, as they move  
 The green-platting hillock around ;  
 They talk of poor Ella, and love,  
 And freshen, with tears, the fair ground.

Nay, wish they had never been born,  
 Or liv'd the sad moment to view,  
 When her Allen could thus be forsworn,  
 And his Ella could still be so true.

## O B S E R V A T I O N S O N E X E R C I S E.

PARTICULARLY ADDRESSED TO THE  
 STUDIOUS AND WEALTHY.

**A**LL exercise may be divided into two parts, active and passive. The first of these includes Walking, Running, Dancing, Fencing, Swimming, and the like ; the other includes Sailing, Riding in a Carriage, and on Horseback ; ---though the last of these is of a mixed nature, and in some measure active as well as passive.

D

Of



## Of ACTIVE EXERCISE.

Walking is the most gentle species of it we are acquainted with. It is within the reach of every one who has the use of his limbs ; and if not continued too long, invigorates and strengthens the system. To such as can bear it, I would recommend walking frequently up hill. This will be the best method of creating an appetite, and will also add greatly to their health.

Running is too violent to be used often, or continued for any length of time. Running-footmen are in general short-lived, few of them escaping consumptions before they arrive at their 35th year. Sweating and perspiration have been found incompatible with each other, as the former always suppresses the latter ; on which account violent exercise should be used as little as possible.

Dancing is a very salutary exercise. The music which always accompanies it, has a pleasing and wholesome effect on the body as well as the mind ; but it should not be used above twice a week, and then continued no longer than till weariness first comes

comes on, nor should we expose ourselves to the air too soon after it.

Fencing calls forth most of the muscles into exercise, particularly those which move the limbs; the brain is likewise roused by it, through the avenue of the eyes; and its action is propagated to the whole system.

Too much cannot be said in praise of Swimming. Besides exercising the limbs, it washes away the dust, which is apt to mix itself with the sweat of our bodies in warm weather. But you should remember not to stay too long in the water, lest you lessen, instead of increasing, the vigour of your constitution.

To all these species of exercise I would add that of Scating; also the plays of Tennis, Bowls, or the like.

In the last place, active exercise includes Talking, Reading with an audible voice, Singing and Laughing; they all promote the circulation of the blood through the lungs, and when used in moderation, tend to strengthen those organs.

I come next to **PASSIVE EXERCISE.**

The life of a Sailor, though beset with many dangers, is yet supposed to be more healthy than living on land. The exercise of Sailing is constant; every muscle is occasionally exerted to keep ourselves from falling; nor are these efforts uncommon even among the oldest Sailors. By means of this regular motion, the blood is moved in those small capillary vessels, where it is most apt to stagnate, and perspiration is increased, which carries off, as fast as it is discharged from the body, by the constant change of the atmosphere in a ship under sail.

Riding in a chair or chariot has but few advantages, inasmuch as we are excluded from the fresh air; an article upon which the success of all kinds of exercise in a great measure depends. It should be used only by such persons as are unable to walk or ride on horseback. We cannot help lamenting here, that those people use this mode of exercise the most, who stand in the greatest need of a more violent species of it.

Riding



Riding on horseback is the most manly and useful for gentlemen; and it may be varied according to our strength, by walking, trotting, or cantering the horse. In riding to *preserve* health, eight or ten miles a day are sufficient, but to *restore* health, these little excursions will avail nothing. In *taking an airing*, as it is called, we ride over the same ground almost every day. We see no new objects to divert us, and the very consideration of our riding for health sinks our spirits, and we receive more harm than good from it. From this reason I would recommend long journies to such people, that the variety and novelty of them may awaken and divert the mind.

I shall conclude these observations with a story, which I hope will not be thought foreign to the subject:

In the island of Ceylon, in the Indian ocean, a number of invalids were assembled, who were afflicted with most of the chronic diseases to which the human body is subject. In the midst of them sat several venerable figures, who amused them with encomiums on some medicines, which they assured them would afford immediate relief in all cases.

The credulous multitude partook of them, but without finding their complaints any way relieved. Some said the medicines were adulterated; others that the doctors had mistaken their cases, while all agreed that they were much worse than ever. While they were thus giving vent to the transports of vexation and disappointment, a clap of thunder burst over their heads:---On looking up, a light was seen in the sky, and in the midst of it appeared a female figure, something more than human.---In her right hand she held a bough of evergreens, and in her left a scroll of parchment.---She descended, and addressed them in the following manner;

“ Ye children of men, listen for a while  
 “ to the voice of instruction. Ye seek  
 “ health where it is not to be found. The  
 “ boasted specifics you have been using,  
 “ have no virtue. Even the persons who  
 “ gave them labour under many of the dis-  
 “ orders they attempt to cure. My name is  
 “ *HYGÆIA*. I preside over the health of  
 “ mankind. Discard all your medicines,  
 “ and seek relief from temperance and ex-  
 “ ercise alone. Every thing you see is  
 “ active

“ active around you. All the brute animals  
 “ in nature are active in their instinctive  
 “ pursuits. Inanimate nature is active too:  
 “ air---fire---and water---are always in mo-  
 “ tion. Unless this were the case, they  
 “ would soon be unfit for the purposes they  
 “ were designed to serve in the œconomy  
 “ of nature. Shun sloth. This unhinges  
 “ all the springs of life---fly from your  
 “ diseases---they will not---they cannot pur-  
 “ sue you.” Here she ended---she dropped  
 the parchment upon the earth---a cloud re-  
 ceived her, and she immediately ascended  
 and disappeared from their sight.---a silence  
 ensued---more expressive of their approbation  
 than the loudest peals of applause. One  
 of them approached with reverence to the  
 spot where she stood---took up the scroll,  
 and read the contents of it to his compa-  
 nions. It contained directions to each of  
 them, what they should do to restore their  
 health. They all prepared themselves to  
 obey the advice of the heavenly vision.  
 The gouty man broke his phial of elixir,  
 threw his powders into the fire, and walked  
 four or five miles every day before breakfast.  
 The man afflicted with the gravel threw



aside his drops, and began to work in his garden, or to play two or three hours every day at bowls. The hypochondriac or hysteric patients discharged their boxes of affa-  
 foetida, and took a journey on horseback, to distant and opposite ends of the island. The melancholic threw aside his gloomy systems of philosophy, and sent for a dancing-master. The studious man shut up his folios, and sought amusement from the sports of children. The leper threw away his mercurial pills, and swam every day in a neighbouring river. The consumptive man threw his balsam out of his window, and took a voyage to a distant country. After some months they all returned to the place they were wont to assemble in. Joy appeared in each of their countenances. One had renewed his youth----another had recovered the use of his limbs---a third, who had been half bent for many years, now walked upright---a fourth began to sing some jovial song, without being asked---a fifth could talk for hours together, without being interrupted with a cough---in a word, they all enjoyed now a complete recovery of their health. They joined in offering

sacrifices

crifices to *HYGÆIA*. Temples were erected to her memory ; and she continues, to this day, to be worshipped by all the inhabitants of that island.

THE  
CITY MOUSE and COUNTRY MOUSE.

A F A B L E.

*Written from the Country to a Friend in Town.*

**T**HE various classes of Mankind,  
By Heav'n's wise providence design'd  
For various tasks, like vapours seem  
Rais'd by the sun's prolific beam :  
These have their sev'ral uses, yet,  
According to their share of heat  
Inclos'd in the vesiculæ,  
Their place in th' atmosphere will be :  
Some through the yielding air arise,  
And boldly scale their native skies ;  
Some clog'd by weightier particles,  
Content, the middle space possess ;  
So gross and heavy some are found,  
They ne'er aspire above the ground :

Others

Others attempt to mount in vain,  
 And fall in dews at eve again :  
 Thus nature gives, at our formation,  
 The bias we term inclination ;  
 The many spheres of life to fill,  
 She governs and directs the will ;  
 To this or that our choice inclines,  
 And different provinces assigns :  
 Hence, some for glory tempt the fight,  
 And some the statesman's toils delight ;  
 These drudge in some mechanic trade,  
 And others break the stubborn glade ;  
 Some, fir'd by wild ambition, soar,  
 And aim at heights beyond their pow'r.

I might extend the parallel  
 Through twenty pages very well,  
 And shew you how---but let that pass---  
 I now apply it to our case :  
 You at the bar was born to shine,  
 The country's peaceful joys are mine ;  
 Why must my way of life then be  
 The object of your raillery ?  
 Or why would your officious zeal

In busier scenes t'involve me strive ?  
*Clowns! savages! d-mn'd ungenteel!*  
*More like wild beasts than men you live!*

I grant,



I grant, we are not so polite,  
 But as sincere and honest quite;  
 That Courts have found a better way,  
 Whilst these *dull drones* mean what they say;  
 That pleasures too with you abound,  
 Which in the country are not found;  
 So, others here delight to dwell,  
 That dread the clamour of Bow-bell.

Well!--Nought would satisfy you now;  
 But I must spend a month or two  
 With you in town--Still I refuse,  
 And frame now this, now that excuse.  
 But you persist--At length I come,  
 Am tir'd, grow dull, and sigh for home:  
 Escap'd, I'm overjoy'd to find  
 The city's less'ning spires behind;  
 And lodg'd in this asylum safe,  
 I freely give you leave to laugh:  
 Here far from envy, noise, and strife,  
 In calm content I pass my life;  
 'Tis mine the social joys to prove,  
 And taste, in peace, the sweets of love;  
 Free from the nauseous pomp of state,  
 And independent of the great,

Here

Here, with your leave, I'll introduce  
 A story, that may be of use;  
 Critics, perhaps, may damn the tale  
 And writer too, because 'tis stale;  
 For I confess 'tis somewhat old,  
 And may have many times been told;  
 But if 'twas good an age ago,  
 Why is it not at present so?  
 We'll have it then---A City Mouse,  
 Joint-tenant of a courtier's house,  
 One morning left St. James-square  
 And London's smoke, for rural air:  
 O'er verdant lawns, and fragrant meads,  
 By purling streams, and sylvan shades,  
 O'er fields, with rising plenty green,  
 Pleas'd with the droll romantic scene,  
 He stray'd; the Country Mice admire  
 His stately airs, and sleek attire,  
 With what address he scrapes, and bows,  
 And think him---*a prodigious Mouse.*

The cottage of a former friend  
 Receives him at his journey's end;  
 Which, neither mean nor elegant,  
 Bespoke nor luxury nor want.  
 'Twas dinner time---dry'd acorns, pease,  
 Bacon, brown crusts, and scraps of cheese,  
 Enough

Enough t'have din'd all Homer's mice,  
 Were set before him in a trice.  
 But no---*Sir* could not brook such food;  
 However, lest he should seem rude,  
 He gnaws a crust, now sucks a bone,  
 And strives to force a morsel down:  
 At length the Cit began to joke  
 On rural life, and country folk;  
 Inveigh'd against their want of taste,  
 That could prefer this desert waste  
 To courts---"*Parbleu!* I can't conceive  
 "How Mice of sense can bear to live  
 "Amidst these wilds!---absurd, *i-faith!*  
 "Live, did I say? You only breathe.  
 "*Mon Dieu!* This life! compar'd with mine?  
 "Off India's choicest wares I dine  
 "On fish, or fowl, or when I please  
 "On ortolans or fricassees;  
 "And drain nectareous streams of sack,  
 "Rhenish, Champagne, or Frontiniac.  
 "But you shall sup with me, and own  
 "Yourself to-night, *que j'ai raison.*"  
 The peasant heard, and bow'd consent;  
 And, without farther compliment,  
 Attends the cit, impatient grown  
 To taste the pleasures of the town.

The



The cats and servants being deceiv'd,  
 They made their entry unperceiv'd :  
 The clown, with wonder and amaze,  
 The splendor of the house surveys ;  
 Here costly paintings strike his eyes,  
 There pyramids of china rise ;  
 Here, brib'ry and corruption's gain,  
 Stand rows of finest porcelain :  
 The parlour, hall, and room of state,  
 Rich furniture, and piles of plate,  
 The cit with ostentation shew'd,  
 The clown with admiration view'd.

The best the pantry can afford  
 Now waits, in form, upon the board.  
 Our polish'd courtier takes his place,  
 Without the idle farce of grace,  
 And complaisantly begs his guest  
 Would take of what he likes the best :  
 Then runs o'er many a foreign dish--  
 " Or would you rather chuse some fish ?  
 " This turkey-pout, or that ragout ?  
 " Come now be free, eat hearty---do"  
 Intreated thus, he falls to work,  
 And plays a dev'lish knife and fork  
 On dainties he'd ne'er seen before.  
 When, hark!---What thund'ring shakes the door?

Away

Away the peasant, and his kind host  
 Scamper---the devil take the hindmost---  
 The frightened clown runs helter-skelter,  
 Seeking some place to put for shelter;  
 And, midst a group of tarts and pies,  
 Half dead with terror and surprize,  
 Trembling he lies, until the servants,  
 The authors of this vile disturbance,  
 Again retire; when from his hole,  
 With wariest circumspection, stole  
 The courtier, and began t'intreat  
 His guest to reassume his seat.

"Enough, my friend," replies the clown,  
 "If thus it is you live in town,  
 "Adieu to such precarious joys!  
 "Such dang'rous pleasures I despise!  
 "Henceforth, for ever I'll retire  
 "From scenes that none but fools admire:  
 "These costly viands that strew the board,  
 "The choicest wines your vaults afford,  
 "I can't enjoy, whilst, o'er my head,  
 "A poignard hangs but by a thread.\*  
 "'Tis true, indeed, I cannot boast  
 "Such various kinds of boil'd and roast;

"My

\* Alluding to the feast of Damocles.

" My table knows no sumptuous diet,  
 " But then---I eat my bit in quiet.  
 " No dire alarms my peace annoy,  
 " No anxious fears my bliss destroy ;  
 " Corroding care avoids my cell,  
 " But haunts the stately dome:--Farewell !  
 " And learn, my friend, this truth from me,  
 " No joys without security ! "

---

T H E  
H E R M I T.

**T** WAS in that delightful month which  
 Love prefers before all others, and  
 which most reveres this deity : that month  
 which ever weaves a verdant carpet for the  
 earth, and embroiders it with flowers. The  
 banks became inviting through their coverlets  
 of moss ; the violets, refreshed by the moist-  
 ure of descending rains, enriched the tepid  
 air with their agreeable perfumes. But the  
 shower was past ; the sun dispersed the va-  
 pours ; and the sky was clear and lucid, when  
 Polydore walked forth. He was of a com-  
 plexion altogether plain and unaffected ; a  
 lover of the Muses, and beloved by them. He  
 would



would oftentimes retire from the noise of mixed conversation, to enjoy the melody of birds, or the murmurs of a water-fall. His neighbours often smiled at his peculiarity of temper; and he no less at the vulgar cast of theirs. He could never be content to pass his irrevocable time in an idle comment upon a newspaper, or in adjusting the precise difference of temperature betwixt the weather of to-day and yesterday. In short, he was not void of some ambition, but what he felt he acknowledged, and was never averse to vindicate. As he never censured any one who indulged their humour inoffensively, so he claimed no manner of applause for those pursuits which gratify'd his own. But the sentiments he entertained of honour, and the dignity conferred by royal authority, made it wonderful how he bore the thoughts of obscurity and oblivion. He mentioned with applause the youths who by merit had arrived at any important station; but he thought that all should in life's visit leave some token of their existence; and that their friends might more reasonably expect it from them, than they from their posterity.

**E**

There

There were few, he thought, of talents so very inconsiderable, as to be unalterably excluded from all degrees of fame: and in regard to such as had a liberal education, he ever wished that in some art or science they would be persuaded to engrave their names. He thought it might be some pleasure to reflect, that their names would at least be honoured by their descendants, although they might escape the notice of such as were not prejudiced in their favour.

What a lustre, said he, does the reputation of a Wren, a Waller, or a Walsingham, cast upon their remotest progeny? and who would not wish rather to be descended from them, than from the mere carcase of nobility? Yet wherever superb titles are faithfully offered as the reward of merit, he thought the allurements of ambition were too transporting to be resisted. But to return.

Polydore, a new inhabitant in a sort of wild-uninhabited country, was now ascended to the top of a mountain, and in the full enjoyment of a very extensive prospect. Before him a broad and winding valley, variegated with all the charms of landscape. Fertile meadows, glittering streams, pendant rocks,  
and

and nodding ruins. But these indeed were much less the objects of his attention, than those distant hills and spires that were almost concealed by one undistinguished azure. The sea, indeed, appeared to close the scene, though, distant as it was, it but little variegated the view. Hardly indeed were it distinguishable but for the beams of a descending sun, which at the same time warned our traveller to return, before the duskiness and dews of evening had rendered his walk uncomfortable.

He had now descended to the foot of the mountain, when he remarked an old hermit approaching to a little hut, which he had formed with his own hands, at the very bottom of the precipice. Polydore, all enamoured of the beauties he had been surveying, could not avoid wondering at his conduct, who, not content with shunning all commerce with mankind, had contrived as much as possible to exclude all views of nature. He accosted him in the manner following: "Father, says he, it is with no small surprize, that I observe your choice of situation, by which you seem to neglect the most distant and delightful landscape that ever my eyes beheld. The hill,

E 2

beneath



beneath which you have contrived to hide your habitation, would have afforded you such a variety of natural curiosities, as to a person so contemplative, must appear highly entertaining: and as the cell to which you are advancing is seemingly of your own contrivance, methinks 'twas probable you would so have placed it, as to present them, in all their beauty, to your eye."

The hermit made him this answer: "My son, says he, the evening approaches, and you have deviated from your way. I would not therefore detain you by my story, did I not imagine the moon would prove a safer guide to you, than that setting sun which you must otherwise rely upon. Enter therefore for a while into my cave, and I will give you then some account of my adventures, which will solve your doubts perhaps more effectually than any method I can propose. But before you enter my lone abode, calculated only for the use of meditation, dare to condemn superfluous magnificence, and render thyself worthy of the being I contemplate.

"Know

“Know then, that I owe what the world is pleased to call my ruin (and indeed justly, were it not for the use which I have made of it) to an assured dependence, in a literal sense, upon confused and distant prospects: a consideration, which hath indeed so affected me, that I shall never henceforth enjoy a landscape that lies at so remote a distance, as not to exhibit all its parts. And indeed were I to form the least pretensions to what your world calls taste, I might even then perhaps contend that a well-discriminated landscape was at all times to be preferred to a distant and promiscuous azure.

“I was born in the parish of a nobleman, who arrived to the principal management of the business of the nation. The heir of his family and myself were of the same age, and for some time school-fellows. I had made considerable advances in his esteem; and the mutual affection we entertained for each other, did not long remain unobserved by his family or my own. He was sent early upon his travels, pursuant to a very injudicious custom, and my parents were solicited to consent that I might accompany him. Intimations were given to

my friends, that a person of such importance as his father might contribute much more to my immediate promotion, than the utmost diligence I could use in pursuit of it. My father, I remember, assented with reluctance : my mother, fired with the ambition of her son's future greatness, through much importunity, " wrung from him his slow leave." I, for my own part, wanted no great persuasion. We made what is called the great tour of Europe. We neither of us, I believe, could be said to want natural sense ; but being banished so early in life, were more attentive to every deviation from our own indifferent customs, than to any useful examination of their policies or manners. Judgment, for the most part, ripens very slowly. Fancy often expands her blossoms all at once.

" We were now returning home from a six years absence ; anticipating the caresses of our parents and relations, when my ever-honoured companion was attacked by a fever. All possible means of safety proving finally ineffectual, he accosted me in one of his lucid intervals as follows :

' Alas !



‘ Alas! my Clytander! my life, they tell me, is of very short continuance. The next paroxysm of my fever will probably be conclusive.

‘ The prospect of this sudden change does not allow me to speak the gratitude I owe thee; much less to reward the kindness on which it is so justly grounded. Thou knowest I was sent away early from my parents, and the more rational part of my life has been passed with thee alone. It cannot be but they will prove solicitous in their enquiries concerning me. Thy narrative will awake their tenderness, and they cannot but conceive some for their son’s companion and his friend. What I would hope is, that they will render thee some services, in place of those their beloved son intended thee, and which I can unfeignedly assert, would have been only bounded by my power. My dear companion! farewell. All other temporal enjoyments have I banished from my heart, but friendship lingers long, and ’tis with tears I say farewell.’-----

“ My concern was truly so great, that, upon my arrival in my native country, it was not at all increased by the consideration

that the nobleman, on whom my hopes depended, was removed from all his places. I waited on him; and he appeared sensibly grieved, that the friendship he had ever professed could now so little avail me. He recommended me however to a friend of his, that was then of the successful party, and who, he was assured, would, at his request, assist me to the utmost of his power. I was now in the prime of life, which I effectually consumed upon the empty forms of court-attendance. Hopes arose before me like bubbles upon a stream; as quick succeeding one another, as superficial, and as vain. Thus busied in my pursuit, and rejecting the assistance of cool examination, I found the winter of life approaching, and nothing procured to shelter or protect me, when my second patron died. A race of new ones appeared before me, and even yet kept my expectations in play. I wished indeed I had retreated sooner; but to retire at last unrecompenced, and when a few months attendance might happen to prove successful, was beyond all power of resolution.

“ However

“However, after a few years more attendance, distributed in equal proportions upon each of these new patrons, I at length obtained a place of much trouble and small emolument. On the acceptance of this, my eyes seemed open all at once. I had no passion remaining for the splendor which was grown familiar to me, and for civility and confinement I entertained an utter aversion. I officiated however, for a few weeks in my post, wondering still more and more how I could ever covet the life I led. I was ever most sincere, but sincerity clashed with my situation every moment of the day. In short, I returned home to a paternal income, not indeed intending that austere life in which you at present find me engaged. I thought to content myself with common necessaries, and to give the rest, if aught remained, to charity; determined, however, to avoid all appearance of singularity. But alas! to my great surprize, the person who supplied my expences had so far embroiled my little affairs, that, when my debts, &c. were discharged, I was unable to subsist in any better manner than I do at present. I grew at first entirely melancholy; left the  
country



country where I was born, and raised the humble roof that covers me in a country where I am not known. I now begin to think myself happy in my present way of life : I cultivate a few vegetables to support me ; and the little well there, is a very clear one. I am now an useless individual ; little able to benefit mankind ; but a prey to shame, and to confusion, on the first glance of every eye that knows me. My spirits are indeed something raised by a clear sky, or a meridian sun ; but as to extensive views of the country, I think them well enough exchanged for the warmth and comfort which this vale affords me. Ease is at least the proper ambition of age, and it is confessedly my supreme one.

“ Yet will I not permit you to depart from an hermit, without one instructive lesson. Whatever situation in life you ever wish or propose for yourself, acquire a clear and lucid idea of the inconveniences attending it. I utterly contemned and rejected, after a month’s experience, the very post I had all my life time been solicitous to procure.”

IL

## I L P E N S E R O S O.

**H**ENCE vain deluding joys, [bred,  
The brood of folly without father  
How little you bested,

Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!  
Dwell in some idle brain,

And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,  
As thick and numberless

As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,  
Or likest hovering dreams,

The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.

But hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy,

Hail, divinest Melancholy,

Whose faintly visage is too bright

To hit the sense of human sight,

And, therefore, to our weaker view,

O'er-laid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;

Black, but such as in esteem

Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,

Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove

To set her beauties praise above

The Sea-Nymphs, and their pow'rs offended:

Yet thou art higher far descended;

Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore

To solitary Saturn bore;

His

His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,  
 Such mixture was not held a stain)  
 Oft, in glimm'ring bow'rs and glades  
 He met her, and in secret shades  
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
 While yet there was no fear of Jove,  
 Come pensive Nun, devout and pure,  
 Sober, stedfast, and demure,  
 All in a robe of darkest grain,  
 Flowing with majestic train,  
 And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,  
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.  
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,  
 With even step and musing gait,  
 And looks commercing with the skies,  
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:  
 There held in holy passion still,  
 Forget thyself to marble, till  
 With a sad leaden downward cast  
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast:  
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,  
 Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,  
 And hears the Muses in a ring,  
 Ay round about Jove's altar sing:  
 And add to these retired Leisure,  
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;  
 But



But first, and chieft, with thee bring,  
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,  
 The cherub Contemplation;  
 And the mute silence hift along,  
 'Lefs Philomel will deign a fong,  
 In her sweeteft, faddeft plight,  
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night,  
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke  
 Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak;  
 Sweet bird, that fhun'ft the noife of folly,  
 Moft mufical, moft melancholy!  
 Thee, chauntrefs, oft, the woods among,  
 I woo, to hear thy even-fong;  
 And, miffing thee, I walk unfeen  
 On the dry fmoth-fhaven green,  
 To behold the wand'ring moon,  
 Riding near her higheft noon,  
 Like one that had been led aftray  
 Through the Heav'n's wide pathlefs way,  
 And oft, as if her head fhe bow'd,  
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.  
 Oft, on a plat of rifing ground,  
 I hear the far-off Curfew found,  
 Over fome wide-water'd fhore,  
 Swinging flow with fullen roar;  
 Or, if the air will not permit,  
 Some ftill removed place will fit,

Where

Where glowing embers through the room  
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;  
 Far from all resort of mirth,  
 Save the cricket on the hearth,  
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm,  
 To bless the doors from nightly harm:  
 Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,  
 Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,  
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,  
 With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere  
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold  
 What worlds, or what vast regions, hold  
 The immortal mind, that hath forsook  
 Her mansion in this fleshy nook:  
 And of those demons that are found  
 In fire, air, flood, or under-ground,  
 Whose power hath a true consent  
 With planet, or with element.  
 Sometime let gorgeous tragedy,  
 In scepter'd pall, come sweeping by,  
 Presenting Thebes', or Pelops' line,  
 Or the Tale of Troy divine,  
 Or what (though rare) of later age  
 Ennobled hath thy buskin'd stage.  
 But, O sad Virgin, that thy pow'r  
 Might raise Musæus from his bow'r,

Or

Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
 Such notes, as, warbled to the string,  
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,  
 And made Hell grant what love did seek.  
 Or call up him that left half told  
 The story of Cambuscan bold,  
 Of Camball, and of Algarife,  
 And who had Canace to wife,  
 That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,  
 And of the wond'rous horse of brass,  
 On which the Tartar king did ride;  
 And if ought else great bards beside  
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,  
 Of tourneys and of trophies hung,  
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,  
 Where more is meant than meets the ear,  
 Thus, night, oft see me in thy pale career,  
 Till civil-suited morn appear,  
 Not trick'd and frounted as she was wont  
 With the Attic boy to hunt,  
 But kerchief'd in a comely cloud,  
 While rocking winds are piping loud,  
 Or, usher'd with a shower still,  
 When the gulf hath blown its fill,  
 Ending on the rustling leaves,  
 With minute drops from off the caves.  
 And when the sun begins to fling

His



His staring beams, me, Goddess, bring  
 To arched walks of twilight groves,  
 And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,  
 Of pine, or monumental oak,  
 Where the rude ax, with heaved stroke,  
 Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,  
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.  
 There, in close covert, by some brook,  
 Where no profaner eye may look,  
 Hide me from day's garish eye,  
 While the bee, with honey'd thigh,  
 That at her flow'ry work doth sing,  
 And the waters murmuring,  
 With such consort as they keep,  
 Entice the dewy feather'd sleep;  
 And let some strange mysterious dream  
 Wave at his wings, in aery stream  
 Of lively portraiture display'd,  
 Softly on my eye-lids laid:  
 And, as I wake, sweet music breathe  
 Above, about, or underneath,  
 Sent by some spirit to mortals good,  
 Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.  
 But let my due feet never fail  
 To walk the studious cloysters pale,

And

And love the high embowed roof,  
 With antic pillars massy proof,  
 And storied windows richly dight,  
 Casting a dim religious light.  
 There let the pealing organ blow,  
 To the full-voic'd choir below,  
 In service high, and anthems clear,  
 As may, with sweetness, through mine ear,  
 Dissolve me into extasies,  
 And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.  
 And may, at last, my weary age  
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
 Where I may sit, and rightly spell  
 Of every star that Heav'n doth shew,  
 And every herb that sips the dew;  
 Till old experience do attain  
 To something like prophetic strain.  
 These pleasures, Melancholy, give,  
 And I with thee will choose to live.

---

## L ' A L L E G R O .

**H**ENCE, loathed Melancholy,  
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,  
 In Stygian cave forlorn,

F

'Mongst

'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights  
 unholy,  
 Find out some uncouth cell, [wings,  
 Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous  
 And the night raven sings; [rocks,  
 There, under ebon shades, and low-brow'd  
 As ragged as thy locks,  
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.  
 But come, thou Goddess fair and free,  
 In Heav'n yclep'd Euphrosine,  
 And, by men, heart-easing Mirth,  
 Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,  
 With two sister graces more,  
 To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;  
 Or whether, (as some fages sing)  
 The frolic wind that breathes the spring,  
 Zephyr with Aurora playing,  
 As he met her once a maying;  
 There, on beds of violets blue,  
 And fresh blown roses wash'd in dew,  
 Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,  
 So buxom, blithe, and debonair.  
 Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee  
 Jest, and youthful jollity,  
 Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,  
 Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,  
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
 And love to live in dimple fleck;

Sport,



Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,  
 And Laughter, holding both his sides.  
 Come, and trip it as you go,  
 On the light fantastic toe;  
 And, in thy right hand, lead with thee  
 The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;  
 And, if I give thee honour due,  
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,  
 To live with her, and live with thee,  
 In unreprieved pleasures free;  
 To hear the lark begin his flight,  
 And, singing, startle the dull night  
 From his watch-tow'r in the skies,  
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;  
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,  
 And, at my window, bid good morrow,  
 Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,  
 Or the twisted eglantine:  
 While the cock, with lively din,  
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,  
 And to the hay-stack, or barn door,  
 Stoutly struts his dames before:  
 Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn  
 Chearly rouse the slumb'ring morn,  
 From the side of some hoar hill,  
 Through the high wood echoing shrill:

Some time walking, not unseen,  
 By hedge row elms, on hillocks green,  
 Right against the eastern gate,  
 Where the great sun begins his state,  
 Rob'd in flames and amber light,  
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight,  
 While the plowman, near at hand,  
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,  
 And the milk-maid singeth blithe,  
 And the mower whets his scythe,  
 And every shepherd tells his tale  
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.  
 Strait mine eye hath caught new pleasures  
 Whilst the landscape round it measures,  
 Ruffet lawns, and fallows grey,  
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray;  
 Mountains, on whose barren breast  
 The lab'ring clouds do often rest;  
 Meadows, trim with daisies pied,  
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.  
 Towers and battlements it sees  
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,  
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
 The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.  
 Hard by a cottage chimney smokes,  
 From betwixt two aged oaks,

Where

Where Corydon and Thrysis, met,  
 Are at their savory dinner set,  
 Of herbs, and other country messes,  
 Which the neat handed Phillis dresses;  
 And then, in haste, her bow'r she leaves,  
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;  
 Or, if the earlier season lead,  
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead.  
 Sometimes, with secure delight,  
 The upland hamlets will invite,  
 When the merry bells ring round,  
 And the jocund rebecs sound  
 To many a youth, and many a maid,  
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade;  
 And young and old come forth to play  
 On a sun-shine holy-day,  
 Till the live-long day-light fail;  
 Then to spicy nut-brown ale,  
 With stories told of many a feat,  
 How fairy Mab the junkets eat,  
 She was pincht and pull'd, she said,  
 And he by fryar's lanthorn led;  
 Tells how the drudging goblin sweat  
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
 His shadowy flail had thrash'd the corn



That ten day-lab'ers could not end ;  
 Then lies him down the lubbard fiend,  
 And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,  
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,  
 And, crop-full, out of doors he flings,  
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.  
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
 By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd to sleep.  
 Towered cities please us then,  
 And the busy hum of men,  
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold,  
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,  
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes,  
 Rain influence, and judge the prize  
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend  
 To win her grace, whom all commend.  
 There let Hymen oft appear  
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,  
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
 With mask, and antique pageantry,  
 Such sights as youthful poets dream  
 On summer eves, by haunted stream.  
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
 If Johnson's learned sock be on,  
 Or sweetest Shakespear, Fancy's child,  
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And

And ever, against eating cares,  
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
 Married to immortal verse,  
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,  
 In notes with many a winding bout  
 Of linked sweetness, long drawn out,  
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,  
 The melting voice through mazes running,  
 Untwisting all the chains that tie  
 The hidden soul of harmony ;  
 That Orpheus self may heave his head  
 From golden slumber on a bed  
 Of heapt Elysian flow'rs, and hear  
 Such strains as would have won the ear  
 Of Pluto to have quite set free  
 His half regain'd Eurydice.  
 These delights, if thou can'st give,  
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

---

THE  
F L A T T E R E R.

**I** Have often been told that the first im-  
 pressions are generally the deepest ; and I  
 find it true by experience---the impressions I  
 received

received at three years old, are not effaced at forty.---How the distant scene rises to my retrospective view! Not to be tedious---my nurse first taught me to flatter. The poor old woman never attempted to wash my face, nor to comb my hair, without the soothing expression of, "There's a dear---Let me wash its *pretty* face."---"There's a sweet creature;" and numberless other endearing phrases to the like purpose---When I grew a little older, I still perceived that I never was ordered to do any thing without a little bit of flattery tacked to the command---My school-mistress bade me say, A by itself A, and always added, "There's a good boy"---My father, my mother, my relations, all addressed me in the same style---My aged grandfather too, how well I remember the hoary sage! whilst I was innocently asking him why he shook his head always, would often put his hand in his pocket, and give me a penny because I was a *brave* boy.---These praises, though they were only words of course, as I since learned, then gave me great pleasure; and I found myself always disposed to love the person that bestowed them on me---I was artful---I thought I might rule others by the same means,



means, by which others ruled me---nor was I deceived in the sequel---however, I had not then many opportunities to try the experiment.

I had an aunt, whose ill fortune it was, not to be able to get a husband; and therefore, as is usual, she was called an *old maid*, before time had made her an *old woman*---Old maids seldom despair till they have arrived at their grand climacteric---Hence we often see ladies of fifty in the garb of sixteen.---My aunt was one of these---it happened one day, while I was playing near her toilette, and she was repairing the depredations which nature had made in her face, by the help of art; that I unmeaningly, (it certainly must have been unmeaningly) cried out, "*Law! aunty, what a pretty nose you have got! your hand is whiter than mine.*"---I had no sooner uttered these words, than she snatched me up in her arms and almost stifled me with kisses---Every day after that lucky moment, she continued to shew new marks of her affection; spoke well of me; was continually saying that I made sensible remarks, much above my years---I was astonished at this alteration---  
She

She always before had looked on me with indifference and hatred---And indeed, few old maids, I have since observed, are remarkably fond of children---However, as I did not want penetration, I soon discovered, that it was my flattery which had gained her favour---And, now it was, that I resolved to make *flattery* the ruling principle of my conduct in future life.

When my father thought me of a proper age to go to school, he put me to one of those schools in which youth are qualified for---in short, every thing you can mention---a school I should not call it---The refined ideas of the master looked upon this as too gross an appellation; and therefore, to prevent mistakes, he had inscribed over the portal of his mansion, in large golden letters, "*The Academy.*"---To return from the digression: at my academy I soon found that the art of tickling was not unknown to my teachers---Whenever my cousin Tom, or my good aunt Deborah, came to see me, and to enquire, as the way is, how I went on, they were sure to hear, in the most extravagant terms, of all my good qualities---The usher observed, that "Master Billy  
" was

" was the finest young youth that ever he  
 " set his eyes on."---My mistress chucked  
 me under the chin, and said, " It has got  
 " a pretty face of its own, bless it." My  
 master, patting me on the head, and look-  
 ing earnestly at me, used to cry, " It really  
 " is surprising---Such a proficiency in so  
 " short a time ! But nature has been partial  
 " ---and to be sure,---I take a great deal  
 " of pains with him, that I do, and the  
 " child takes vastly to his book." These,  
 and many other encomiums, were given to  
 me whenever my friends paid me a visit---  
 But, alas ! after the vast ideas I had been  
 taught to form of myself, my friends were  
 no sooner gone, than lo ! I sunk to the  
 condition of another boy,---notwithstanding  
 my great talents, my beauty, and all the  
 praises which had been lavished upon me,  
 poor I underwent the correction of the rod,  
 and was called dunce from morning to  
 night---I comforted myself as I could---Nor  
 indeed had I much reason to grieve, since  
 my friends were pleased, though deceived ;  
 and I got half a crown, when otherwise I  
 should have got but six-pence, and perhaps,  
 only a farewell.

My



My Master's flattery succeeded so well, that I was confirmed in the principle which I had been led into by my aunt, my nurse, &c. I therefore resolved to try my skill among my school-fellows---I soon found my schemes succeed to admiration; but then I was obliged to use a great deal of address in conducting them---My way was to discover their ruling passions and inclinations---I never commended the surly boy for his good-nature; but I commended him for that which he took pride in, his *gravity* and *austerity*,---I never praised the idle fellow for his diligence and learning; no: those he despised; but I praised him for his vivacity and gaiety---In a word, I always *tickled* the place which was most *ticklish*---Wherever I found vanity, I fed her plentifully---and the advantages I enjoyed by this conduct were innumerable---Each individual looked upon me as his particular friend---Indeed I had endeavoured by my flatteries to make him look upon me as such---Consequently, in all disputes, both parties readily consented to refer the points in controversy to my arbitration, each imagining I had a particular bias to himself---Thus

I enjoyed a superiority over all my fellows, which gratified my pride not a little---I was beloved and caressed by all---No tales were told of me.---I must own that I learned a great deal of wisdom at school; not from my book; there, to my shame be it spoken, I was a dunce.---My wisdom was not the wisdom of the speculative philosopher, but that of the worldly-wise man.

I always considered a school as the copy of the world---All the vices and follies of the great original are there painted in miniature---Though the picture is small, the characters are drawn to the life---I was now at the eve of launching into the great ocean of the world; and I pleased myself with the thoughts of being possessed of a secret that would steer my little bark clear of every rock---I had been told from my cradle that I should be a soldier---Escaped from school, I thought the happy time was arrived at length---How transported was I with the thoughts of wearing a sword and a red coat---But besides these, I had more substantial allurements---I thought the military profession would open to the most ample field for the exertion of that genius for adventure,  
which

which I perceived within me---In the midst  
 of my anticipated bliss, O grief of griefs!  
 my father bound me apprentice to a trades-  
 man in Cheapside---After some time, how-  
 ever, I acquiesced in my condition---but  
 how fallen was I! all the schemes which I  
 had formed for the conduct of my life, and  
 even my golden art of tickling, now, seem-  
 ed to vanish---I had nothing now to do, I  
 imagined, but plod behind the counter---I  
 found myself wrong in these reflections---  
 Flattery was grown natural to me, and na-  
 ture will not be entirely stifled---Our cus-  
 tomers consisted chiefly of females---This  
 circumstance gave me some hope---Down-  
 right flattery from one in my station, I  
 knew would favour too much of familiarity;  
 I was, therefore, obliged to act with great  
 circumspection---while I was handing down  
 a drawer or a box, I used to observe, in a  
 faltering tone of voice, "That such a pat-  
 tern, or such a colour would be very  
 pretty for a lady who wanted to set off a  
 bad skin---but you, Madam, are---How  
 do you like this, Ma'am?"---This never  
 failed; the lady was tickled, turned towards  
 the glass, adjusted her cap, stuck a pin, and  
 bought



bought the pattern, on the strength of my recommendation. By such methods, I fixed fugitive customers, pleased constant ones, increased my master's trade, and did no harm to any body.

Seven years passed away in this manner ---I forbear to relate every particular of my history during that space of time, as there would be very little variety in the relation--- suffice it to say, that the *old trick* never failed. Just after the expiration of my apprenticeship, my aunt Deborah died, and left me a very pretty legacy, sufficient to set me up in trade---Thanks to my divine art!---I had almost forgot to tell you, she died an old maid, notwithstanding her *pretty nose* and *white hands*.

I took a shop and furnished it---one piece of furniture was still wanting, without which, as the saying is, one is never rightly settled---in truth, I wanted a wife; and a wife I was resolved to have---In my amours, I must confess, that I offered up incense to the shrine of Plutus as well as that of Cupid.---After some time, I got scent of a good wealthy widow---she was somewhat advanced in life---As for the lady's person, that

that was her least recommendation---However I perceived, after a very slight acquaintance with her, that she was one of those who did not give a most implicit credit to looking-glasses. I knew how to proceed accordingly---I swore that her eyes were irresistible---that her cheeks were more blooming than the rose---I swore---but to avoid prolixity, after a short courtship I won the lady and ten thousand pounds---I lived happily in my new state;---but cruel fate denies a long continuance of bliss---My wife died---Peace to her shade! I am married again, and to this day enjoy the company of my dear partner. I won my present deary's heart by praising her eyes---the conquest cost me my sincerity---but let that be a secret.

I pass over a million of adventures, in which I exerted my adulatory talent with success; to hasten to the last, and to me the most interesting: In the course of my trade, I scraped an acquaintance with an old square-toes, who was one of those rich men, who accumulate immense sums, nobody knows how---I resolved to sound the breast of this new friend---there was no need of  
searching

searching deep to discover that avarice had long swallowed up every other vice, passion, and appetite---This discovery gave me my cue---I raked up all the remarks which I had heard, in sermons and in conversations with my brother tradesmen, on the subjects of frugality and temperance;---on these I declaimed on every occasion---I talked of the exorbitant price of every necessary of life, and complained of the luxury and extravagance of the age.---One day as I was running on at this rate, he got up from his chair, and with a vehemence, not common to men of that frigid disposition, which it is necessary to have in order to be a miser, slapped me on the shoulders, and swore, “ I “ was the honestest, prudentest, sensiblest “ fellow he ever met with.”---In a few weeks the old hunk died, and bequeathed his fortune to me.

Thus, Sir, I have acquired an ample fortune---thus I have passed my life free from those animosities which an envious and contentious disposition never fails to foment---thus I have gained the love and esteem of all I knew---my art of tickling has made *me* happy, and, I flatter myself, it has made



*others* so---I have increased the happiness of all who have fallen within the circle of my acquaintance, by gratifying their vanity---Wherever I was able, I have thrown an ingredient into the bitter cup of life, which never fails to sweeten it, namely, *self-applause*. ---Yet, I confess, I have often done this at the expence of truth---I confess---confession is a sign of repentance, and repentance claims forgiveness---Being now above dependance, to expiate my crime, I have taken the resolution to give the tribute of praise only where it is due.

---

T H E  
METHOD of choosing a MAYOR  
A T  
L E I C E S T E R.

*(Described in a Journey to York.)*

**W**E gallop'd on to Harborough,  
To Leicester next, and Loughbo-  
All market-towns; the last but one  
Stands noted for the county town;

And

And is, as others like it are,  
 Well govern'd always by a May'r ;  
 But whether he's a whig, or tory,  
 Does not concern my present story ;  
 That's not the point ; but how they chuse  
 This May'r, is what my dogg'el muse  
 Now labours hard to give description,  
 Tho' you perhaps will think it fiction.

Mark then ; this country all around  
 Is known with store of Beans t'abound ;  
 Of which so greedily they eat,  
 They love them better than their meat ;  
 From whence, as some old writers tell ye,  
 They're call'd ironically Bean-Belly.  
 Nay more, they have a proverb common,  
 That if you take a Leicester woman,  
 And shake her by the petticoat,  
 The beans will rattle in her throat.

Now when the time of year comes on  
 For this same May'r's election,  
 Beans is the word. But why? ay, that---  
 If you guess right, I'll pawn my hat.  
 'Tis not, as you perhaps suppose,  
 By balloting with yeas and noes,  
 The controverfy to decide,  
 As antient Greeks (God speed 'em) did :

(For that is what Pythag'ras means  
 About his pupils and his beans)  
 Nor is it that they mean to try,  
 Who can eat most o'th' company,  
 And thereby gain the people's voice,  
 Distinguish'd by their shouts and noise:  
 No, no, 'tis something merrier far,  
 Which, if you've patience, you shall hear.

But first suppose, for that's but fit  
 The grave fraternity to meet,  
 By writ, or summons, one and all,  
 At their own Guild, or common Hall;  
 Where, in a semi-circle, each  
 Sits himself down upon his breech;  
 Behind, the officers, and gownsmen,  
 With serjeants, criers, and the townsmen,  
 Attend, with faces full of care,  
 The grand result of---"Who's the May'r?"  
 The sword and mace suspended high,  
 The ensigns of their dignity,  
 A gen'ral silence next ensues,  
 Such as at meetings quakers use;  
 Each senator uncovers itraight,  
 Not for respect, nor yet for state,  
 But fills with Beans his greasy cap,  
 And keeps it steady in his lap.

Now



Now all's prepar'd ; the shew's begun ;  
 Enter a goodly sow, and one  
 Who has been us'd to this same sport,  
 And therefore kept on purpose for't ;  
 With grunting snout, and eyes up-lifted,  
 As one would think she had been gifted,  
 She shuffles on, and whoso'er  
 She deigns to dine with---he's the May'r.

---

## T H E

## B E G G A R.

**P**ITY the sorrows of a poor old man!  
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him  
 to your door,  
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;  
 Oh ! give relief---and Heav'n will bless your  
 store.

These tatter'd cloaths my poverty bespeak,  
 These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd  
 years ;  
 And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek  
 Has been the channel to a stream of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,  
 With tempting aspect drew me from my  
 road,  
 For plenty there a residence has found,  
 And grandeur a magnificent abode.

(Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!)  
*Here*, craving for a morsel of their bread,  
 A pamper'd menial forc'd me from the door,  
 To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome,  
 Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!  
 Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,  
 For I am poor---and miserably old.

Should I reveal the source of every grief,  
 If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,  
 Your hands would not with-hold the kind  
                   relief,  
 And tears of pity could not be repress!

Heav'n sends misfortunes---why shou'd we  
                   repine?  
 'Tis Heav'n has brought me to the state you  
                   see:  
 And your condition may be soon like mine,  
 ---The child of sorrow---and of misery.

A little

A little farm was my paternal lot,  
 Then like the lark I sprightly hail'd the morn;  
 But ah! oppression forc'd me from my cot,  
 My cattle dy'd, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter---once the comfort of my age!  
 Lur'd by a villain from her native home,  
 Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,  
 And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife---sweet soother of my care!  
 Struck with sad anguish at the sad decree,  
 Fell---ling'ring fell a victim to despair,  
 And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!  
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to  
 your door,  
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;  
 Oh! give relief---and Heav'n will bless your  
 store.

The



THE  
EXTRAVAGANCE OF PASSION,  
A SENTIMENTAL TALE: \*

Intended to supply a Deficiency in  
YORICK'S SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

“**S**ENSIBILITY” says an elegant writer,  
“ is so *good* a quality, that we cannot buy it too dear:” but we may certainly share it too largely. Madam de L—

\* In the publication from whence this tale is extracted, the author has prefixed the following advertisement to it:

“ Rash unthinking mortal! to prophane with unhallowed touch the divine fragment of the immortal Yorick!—If nature has denied thee feeling, thou shouldest have taken example from the modesty of ancient Greece. Was there a painter who presumed to finish the Venus of Apelles?”—Such I doubt not will be the language of the sanguine admirers of Sterne on the first view of this little piece; and I am not so vain of my own talents as to imagine, that a further examination will entirely remove their prejudice. I shall be happy if I can please those who are willing to be entertained, whoever is the writer; and who have long languished for the *Story of Madam de L—*.

In the composition of this tale, I have not so much endeavoured to blend colours with Sterne, as to fill the vacancy he had left with a fable in my own stile. This I hope I have executed in such a manner as not entirely to disappoint the expectations of the candid.

had

had at least her quantum ; and her lover had undoubtedly too much.

“ When we got to the door of the Remise,  
 “ \* she withdrew her hand from across her  
 “ forehead, and let me see the original” ---  
 “ --(he already formed an image of it in his  
 “ fancy)----“ it was a face of about six and  
 “ twenty---of a clear transparent brown, sim-  
 “ ply set off without *rouge* or powder---it  
 “ was not critically handsome, but there was  
 “ that in it, which in the frame of mind I  
 “ was in, attached me much more to it---it  
 “ was interesting; I fancied it wore the cha-  
 “ racters of a widowed look, and in that state  
 “ of its declension, which had passed the two  
 “ first paroxysms of sorrow, and was quietly  
 “ beginning to reconcile itself to its loss---  
 “ but a thousand other distresses might have  
 “ traced the same lines; I wished to know  
 “ what they had been---and was ready to en-  
 “ quire (had the same *bon ton* of conversation  
 “ permitted, as in the days of Esdras)---*What*  
 “ *aileth thee? and why art thou so disquieted?*  
 “ *and why is thy understanding troubled?*” ---

But I was relieved from this embarrassment by  
 Madam de L— herself, who added, at parting,

\* Sentimental Journey, vol. I. p. 48. Yorick speaks.

she

“ she was sorry that she had been prevented  
 “ from telling me her story---that she still  
 “ owed it me; and if my rout should ever  
 “ lay through Bruffels, that Madam de L——  
 “ would be glad to discharge her obligation.

“ Then I will meet thee, said I, fair spirit!  
 “ at Bruffels,---’tis only returning from Italy  
 “ through Germany to Holland, by the rout  
 of Flanders, home.”

Thus far honest Yorick:---and he was faithful to his promise. He heard her tale of woe; and if he could not *dry the fountain of her tears*, he *wiped* them from her lovely cheeks. Death prevented him from telling it to the world; but often did he relate it to his friends. Long will they remember it, from the interest their friend took in the concerns of Madam de L——. Thus he used to tell it.

AS soon as I arrived at Bruffels I enquired for Madam de L——; where I received information, which increased my curiosity:—That her brother had a splendid villa in the neighbourhood---that she lived in a romantic retirement, at some distance from  
 the



the Count's, and was generally known by name of *The Lady in the Wood*.

And I will pierce its deepest recesses, said I, sweet mourner! but I will find thee. Not Æneas approached with more anxiety the Sibylian cave, than I the retirement of Madam de L. — ; nor perhaps with more awe. Every thing seemed to partake of the temper of the inhabitant---the goddess of melancholy appeared to have formed it---to have breathed around it her solemn glooms, and have chosen it as her favourite abode. The lodge, or rather cell, stood at the foot of an eminence, which was covered with old and venerable trees of an enormous size; the avenue was composed of cypresses, and weeping willows; and by it ran a slowly-murmuring brook, which lost itself in the brownness of the shade.

Unaccustomed to such a scene, I felt myself seized with a kind of pleasing horror; ---all the images of Gothic enchantment seemed to glide before my eyes. This place, said I, must be favourable to wisdom; so I sat myself down, and thought of *death, judgment, and things to come*---of Eugenius, Eliza, and Maria---and all the evils that  
ever

ever had, or might befall myself or my friends, till I sunk into a state of mind neither fit for this world nor the next; when, recollecting myself, I sprung up, and finding myself relieved, I could not help concluding, That he is wisest who takes the lightest load of these things on his shoulders:--and I walked toward the lodge with the pleasure of a labourer released from his burden.

It being now almost evening, Madam de L--- was musing in her garden, a perfect picture of Melpomene. Her dress had that negligence which appears void of design; her air, the dignity of thought; and her eyes, the expression of sentiment. That unprotected look of distress, which first won me to her interest, was however, at times, visible. She received me with the cordiality of a sister; and I felt for her all the affection of a brother; nay, perhaps more; yet I had no wish, no desire but her felicity--I hoped to hear of the termination of those sorrows with which I supposed she had been afflicted.

Just Heaven! said I, surprised at the warmth of my emotion, whence comes it, that

that at sight of some of thy rational creatures we are immediately conscious of pleasure and delight, and at others, of horror and aversion?---Is it not a chord of that harmony in which thou hast tuned the universe, which, vibrating to the heart in unison or discord, seizes its approbation or excites its dislike, before the intellectual power can descend from its throne to give the command?---Yes, it is a finer wire of the moral instrument, which catching the music of external things, instantaneously conveys to the soul the notices of good or evil:---And seldom is it *the herald of a lie*.

Before I had settled this point, Madam de L--- was beckoning me to an arbour; which, long secure from the hand of art, was finely expressive of love-worn woe. She seated herself by me; and, after enquiring more particularly concerning my health, and putting some common questions relative to my journey, she sighed once or twice. I could read in her face the business of her heart; but, as my curiosity was now on the rack, though I sincerely felt for her, I did not open my lips to offer her one word of consolation. At last she broke silence.

“ How



"How lamentable, O Yorick, is the condition of our sex!—Custom has denied us the privilege of choice; and, when Love supplies that defect, Pride or Avarice generally interposes to prevent the blissful union. But this is not our only hardship; by the malice of our own sex, and the vanity of yours, we are even in a great measure denied the last consolation of the wretched, the pleasure of complaining---the relief that springs from pouring the heart into the bosom of a friend."

She seemed to feel this last grief so much, that I could not help seizing her hand, and pressing it to my heart. Words could not so fully have convinced her of my affectionate concern.

"You, Mons. Yorick, feel for human kind: from you I am under no apprehensions: but the recollection of my story awakens my grief. I will *discharge my obligation* as soon as I can compose my spirits. What would be the lot of the miserable, if Heaven did not sometimes afford them a pillow on which they might repose their sorrows!"

THE

## THE STORY OF MADAM DE L—.

“ THE only daughter of Count de L—, I was born to the fairest hopes; and happiness seemed to smile upon my infant years. But life is a voyage, of whose success there is no pronouncing till once we have reached the harbour. Who, alas! can be certain to escape the shoals of fortune or the storms of passion?—

“ My rank and family rendered me conspicuous; my education was of the first kind, and—however affliction may have tarnished them—the eyes of men told me, as soon as I could read their meaning, that nature had not been sparing of her charms. It was enough for me, that they were agreeable to Cleanthes.

“ Cleanthes was second son of the Marquis de G—, and supposed heir to a wealthy uncle of the same name.

“ As our villas lay at no great distance from each other, we had often an opportunity of being together in our tender years; and children as we were, we felt the effects of love, though strangers to its purpose.

“ Often

"Often have I blushed when my eyes met his, from a consciousness of something I could not account for; and as often have I trembled and turned pale at the touch of his hand in the gambols of youthful innocence. Yet still our eyes met, and still our hands touched."

'The case is plain, Madam, the pleasure was greater than the uneasiness. Nature balanced the account without the help of reason. Blissful period! when novelty transports, and passion warms, without the scrutiny of foresight, or the languor of enjoyment.'

"In one of those amusements, when a little more advanced in youth, he snatched a kiss. O Yorick, I feel it yet."

'And long may you feel it, Madam; such sensations are friendly to human life, and spring from some of the best blood in our veins.'

"Such a sweet confusion!--such a conflict of opposite emotions, all melted down into one uniform transport of pleasure; which thrilled in every nerve, shook my whole frame--and, bursting from my eye,  
ex-



expanded itself on its dear author !---he was now more lovely than ever."

' Little wonder, Madam, he was adorned with his own perfections and yours too: ---he was illuminated by a ray reflected from the mirror of beauty. Besides, you did not know what use he was of before.'

" 'Twas so, Yorick. I did not know what pleasure he could communicate: and, what is more, I did not know that I either loved or was beloved; but henceforth I was sensible of both. I began to understand the language of nature, and could even read the meaning of his looks. I recollected every circumstance of our childish amusements; and found a particular pleasure in doing so, as I was able to turn every little incident to my own advantage.

" Our parents observed the growing fondness, and took every opportunity of cherishing it. Our healths were drank together, and we were partners at every ball. By these means our hearts were at ease, and our behaviour to each other was free and unconstrained. Yet, at times, he would seize my hand, sigh, and look as if he  
 H. --- wished

wished to communicate something, without uttering a word."

' His silence, I suppose, was the highest eloquence he could possibly have made use of.'

" It was emphatical. But O how pleasing to the ear of woman is the word *love* ! --- Whatever arguments we may use to persuade ourselves to the contrary, we are still in a state of uncertainty till once we hear that delightful sound. 'Tis *life* to the criminal. Custom has made sensibility in us a crime, unless when yielded in return to honourable vows ; and the punishment is worse than death : --- 'tis infamy."

' But that pleasure, I hope, was awaiting you.'

" It was. Cleanthes having now finished his studies under a private tutor, it was resolved that he should go to the university of Leyden along with my brother, to complete his knowledge of the sciences ; and then to Paris, to attain what more particularly belongs to the gentleman.

" The evening before his departure---being left by the rest of our company in a solitary walk---he seated himself by me ;  
and,

and, seizing my hand, he kissed it; then taking out of his breast a miniature picture, he bound it round my arm. His heart was too big for words: I could feel it throbbing as he pressed his lips to mine. At last, recovering himself, he lifted up my arm; and looking at the picture, he said,

“ Dione, (for so he used to call me) this in  
 “ his absence will remind you of Cleanthes.  
 “ You cannot be ignorant of his love; but  
 “ lest death, or worse fortune, should prevent  
 “ him from offering you his hand, he now  
 “ makes an offer of his heart. The pity of  
 “ Dione would gild even the shade of misery,  
 “ and throw light on the regions of the  
 “ grave.”

“ To have dissembled in such circumstances would have been unpardonable. I said,

“ Cleanthes, take hers in return: on you  
 “ rest her dearest hopes; your welfare shall  
 “ be her constant prayer.”

“ His eye lightened with joy: he clasped me in his arms, and cried,

“ Then he will be happy. What power  
 “ can withstand Dione.”

“ This transport continued for some minutes; after which I lamented that I had not



my picture to give him in exchange. He said he could have wished to have had it; "but" "it is a matter of no consequence, (added he) as it is delineated in perfection *here*,"—laying his hand upon his heart.

"I recollected, however, in a little time, that I had a miniature picture in my pocket, which I had received from my father that very morning:—how I should have forgot it I cannot say; unless, being so short while in my possession, the hurry of my spirits prevented me from remembering it had ever been given:—I pulled it out with the rapture of one who has discovered a hidden treasure. He seized it, kissed it, and lodged it in his breast."

"It was time enough to kiss the picture when he was deprived of the original."

"It was so, Sir; but there is no accounting for the extravagances of love."

"We were now as happy in having exchanged pictures as if we had exchanged hearts; and that too we had done as far as possible."

"But how did you sustain his absence?"

"Beyond belief. It was only for two years."

"Two

“ *Two years!*—what an age to those who love!”

“ It passed away, O Yorick! like a pleasing dream. What a delightful season is youth! every object affords a new sensation, every hour some untasted pleasure; unschooled in disappointments, we dread none; love frolics in our walk, and hope pours its sunbeams around us. I thought of nothing but Cleanthes’ return, and the felicity I should then enjoy. Convinced his heart could not alter, I had no fears but that I should not then be sufficiently accomplished. This engaged my whole mind; and he was returned before I thought myself fit to receive him. But, however I might appear in my own eyes, he expressed no disappointment.

“ O what a happy meeting!—Often in his absence had I pleased myself with figuring what he would be at his return; but my warmest imaginations were unequal to the reality. His soft, and in some measure feminine graces, were now ripened into manhood; his eye had attained a bolder glance, his brow a stronger expression, and the thickening down upon his chin corrected the delicate colouring of his cheeks, But all the beauties

of his person were nothing to those of his mind; he had a freedom of manner, and a sentimental volatility that there was no resisting. I was unable to conceal my fondness. But indeed I had no reason: our passion was universally known, and as universally approved.

“ I was now attended by Cleanthes to all the places of gay resort; and there enjoyed the highest triumph, and perhaps the highest felicity of woman:—to be the object of universal envy, to be escorted, to be admired by the finest man in the assembly, and he the man I loved.

“ On one of those occasions, the conversation turning on gallantry, the following question was proposed by the Marchioness de G---;

“ What is most likely to produce a lively  
“ and durable passion?”

“ Every one was more anxious than another to display his talents on so delicate a subject. One said wit, another beauty, and a third sympathy, or a conformity of manners and sentiment, just as they thought would be most agreeable to the ladies they desired to please. Cleanthes, however, was observed to take part with neither.

“ Per-



“ Personal charms, (said those who had  
 “ taken the side of wit in opposition to  
 “ beauty) are of all things the most tempo-  
 “ rary : the slightest infirmity destroys them.  
 “ Beauty is a flower that fades almost as soon  
 “ as blown : the same day that beholds its  
 “ glory is witness to its decay. But the mind  
 “ feels not the effects of time ; and its plea-  
 “ sures, like itself, continue to operate with  
 “ unremitted activity till the hour of death,  
 “ and even extend their influence beyond the  
 “ grave.”

“ It is not on the mind, (said the advo-  
 “ cates for beauty) but on the heart that  
 “ Love inflicts his wounds. Thence proceed  
 “ the sighs, the groans, and all the indica-  
 “ tions of the soft distress. Will any one  
 “ pretend to say, that these are the effects of  
 “ wit ?---Are they not the undoubted effects  
 “ of the victorious influence of beauty over  
 “ the heart ?---Even those who contend for a  
 “ union of affections must admit, that this  
 “ union is produced, and sustained by the  
 “ power of beauty.”

“ Wit and beauty, (said the friends of  
 “ sympathy) are equally matters of indiffer-  
 “ ence in love ; a familiarity of manners and  
 “ sen-

“ sentiments will produce it, where both are  
 “ wanting: and without that harmony of  
 “ minds and hearts, that sympathy of secret  
 “ ties, which unites two beings in one, wit  
 “ and beauty are lavished in vain.”

“ To one or other of these three opinions  
 most of the company had assented, when Cle-  
 anthes rising up, said,

“ I am sorry to differ from so respectable a  
 “ company; but to me it appears, that, to  
 “ produce a lively and durable passion, wit,  
 “ beauty, and sympathy should be united.  
 “ In a solitary hour, by the assistance of old  
 “ Anacreon, I composed an allegory to ex-  
 “ emplify this idea. You, Madam, (said he,  
 “ coming up to me) who inspired the senti-  
 “ ments, will do me the pleasure, I hope, to  
 “ read it.”

“ It was too high an honour to be rejected.  
 The company sat fixed in admiration till it  
 was done; and then agreed with one voice,  
 that Cleanthes had solved the question.

“ Here, Yorick, is the dear little piece. I  
 always carry it about me in a gold box; as  
 the highest mark of distinction, and perhaps  
 the prettiest compliment that ever was paid to  
 any of the sex.

CUPID

## C U P I D B O U N D :

## An ALLEGORICAL TALE.

ONE day, the little God of Love,  
 Wandering in the Idalian grove,  
 All alone the Muses found,  
 And with cords of roses bound :---  
 Bound, and brought him to the bower,  
 Where they pass the noon-tide hour ;  
 There attuned each varied strain  
 The roguish wanton's heart to gain.  
 Soothed by the power of sacred sound,  
 While Taste and Genius danced around,  
 He thus is said to have exprest  
 The lively feelings of his breast :---

“ Not all the charms of Paphos' court,  
 “ Tho' there the Smiles and Graces sport,  
 “ Not Venus' self could e'er allure  
 “ My heart so strong, or yield so pure  
 “ A joy as, 'mid the sylvan wild,  
 “ I find, sweet maids ! with you exil'd.”

But, like flame, when too refin'd,  
 Passion fails to warm the mind :---  
 The heart, the senses claim a share :  
 Love is not the child of air.

This



This the son of Venus found,  
 And long'd to leap the sacred mound.  
 The Muses mark'd the child's distress,  
 And soon began the cause to guess.  
 Too oft they knew uncomb'd their hair,  
 Their visage wan, their bosom bare.  
 They bore him to the gay alcove,  
 Recess fit for the God of Love!  
 Where Beauty, by the Graces dress'd,  
 Sat half conceal'd, and half confess'd.  
 Her polish'd arms received the boy,  
 Whose little heart leapt wild with joy;  
 The rapture next inflam'd his eye,  
 And Cupid would her zone untie.  
 From trifling with her bosom's snow,  
 The urchin sometimes stole below.  
 All which indulg'd, and checkt with art,  
 Secured the cruel wanderer's heart;  
 And he, whom bolt nor bar could bound,  
 A self-complacent slave is found.

Yet, still around the blissful bower,  
 The Muses exercise their power;  
 With tender thoughts the God inspire,  
 And soothe to peace each strange desire;  
 Else would the toils of Beauty prove  
 But a feeble net for Love.

“ We

“ We wanted nothing now to complete our felicity but the nuptial union ; and that we expected soon to take place, as Cleanthes’ uncle was much advanced in years. But, alas ! Yorick, how thin are the boundaries of blifs and woe !---His father died first, and left him only a genteel present, having had repeated assurances that his uncle intended him his sole heir. This was no great wound to our hopes ; all that he could have expected as a second son being very inconsiderable. But what was our disappointment, when his uncle, dying soon after, left his whole fortune to a mistress, who had seduced him in his state of infirmity !”

‘ It must have been great.’

“ It was so beyond all expression. The most prudent measures however were taken ; and a reduction of the will was attempted. Yet that did not hinder my father from prohibiting me the presence of Cleanthes, till such time as the cause should be decided. But you, Sir, cannot suppose, that the cruelty of an uncle could remove a passion so deeply rooted, or the prohibition of a father prevent the intercourse of affection. No,  
Yorick,

Yorick, you are better acquainted with human nature. But the scene of our meetings was changed. We could no longer rove, regardless of censure, and avow our fondness in the face of the world : we were now obliged to steal beneath the shade of night to some unfrequented grove, and pour out the tender, the anxious emotions of our hearts, remote from every ear and every eye.

“ What a relish did pain give to pleasure !—Not the pride of shining with Cleanthes in the most brilliant assembly ever equalled the sensation that I felt, when, at the danger of my life, I met the lovely youth, and heard him relate the projects he had planned—the dreams of happiness and chaste delight that had amused his fancy—all which he feared were blasted ! while the sympathetic drops distilled from my eyes in showers.

“ Still there were hopes ; but these hopes were so involved in fears, that we lived in a state of the most perplexing doubt. We had this consolation, however, that we had no doubt of our own hearts ; they were united beyond the possibility of a change ;  
and



and the more they were deprived of every external circumstance, the closer they seemed to grow.

“ But, as Cleanthes began to despair, his understanding seemed affected. He would gaze upon me, at times, with the wildness of frenzy, then start back, and cry,

“ I must not touch those charms! —  
 “ they are sacred! — I shall pollute them! —  
 “ they must fill some wealthy villain’s arms!”

“ The evil that we feared at last came upon him. Being informed how the suit was likely to end, my father encouraged the addresses of Count de B--; and all my tears and entreaties were ineffectual. They only confirmed him in his purpose. In vain did I tell him, that he had authorised me to listen to Cleanthes; and that an alteration in fortune, should it take place, could not alter the affections of the heart.

“ When I encouraged the addresses of  
 “ Cleanthes, (said he) I had reason to be-  
 “ lieve that he would soon be in a capacity  
 “ to support you as my daughter: but now  
 “ he has nothing, either in prospect or  
 “ reality. Would you marry a beggar, to  
 “ the ruin of yourself, and the disgrace of  
 “ your

“ your family?---The nobility of his birth  
 “ would only drag you to greater misery.  
 “ Unsupported rank is of all things the  
 “ most despicable. I therefore insist on  
 “ obedience to my commands.”

“ Such a speech from a parent was only  
 to be answered with an acquiescing silence.  
 But no sooner was I alone, than I execrated  
 all the distinctions that ever fortune made;  
 wished that I had been some rural maid,  
 and Cleanthes an honest swain; that, un-  
 molested by ambitious parents, and the vain  
 distinctions of a foolish world, we might  
 have indulged our affections in peace!

“ To the dear partner of my soul, the  
 first opportunity, I communicated my dis-  
 tress. He was so much shocked at my fa-  
 ther’s barbarity that he was unable for some  
 time to speak: his generous nature had no  
 conception of the possibility of such a  
 scheme: and, as his temper was naturally  
 inclined to extravagance, he burst out in  
 the most violent expressions of indignation  
 and reproach.

“ Go, ye reasoning monsters, and learn  
 “ humanity in the desert!---Which of all  
 “ the savage kind, of the animals whose  
 “ nourish-

“ nourishment is blood, which of them is  
 “ less careful of his young than you?---  
 “ But none of them possess your cruelty?  
 “ ---Does the tyger ever reverse the in-  
 “ stincts of his brood, by a vain association  
 “ with the lion, or a covetous league with  
 “ the wolf?---Where is the father that can  
 “ pretend to direct the affections?---Where  
 “ is the man that will stand betwixt me  
 “ and Dione?---(and he laid his hand upon  
 “ his sword.) The Count de B--?---Pro-  
 “ tect my senses, Heaven!---O I shall be  
 “ the sport of every fool!”---walking for  
 some time distractedly, then clapping his  
 hand upon his forehead, and standing like a  
 statue of despair.

“ Forgetting the punctilios of my sex,  
 I seized him in my arms, and cried,

“ Be not afraid, my Cleanthes, death  
 “ shall only divide us. Let us fly a cruel  
 “ father’s power. I am willing even now  
 “ to depart.”

“ He recovered himself; and, falling at  
 my feet, he said,

“ O Dione, how shall I ever be able to  
 “ repay thy generous love!---thy warm,  
 “ thy disinterested affection!---But, though  
 fortune



“ fortune should never put it in my power,  
 “ thy benevolence will give me credit for it  
 “ all. No, my love, I will not involve  
 “ you in my misfortunes. Whatever may  
 “ be my own condition, I have a mind able  
 “ to sustain it; but to see Dione subjected  
 “ to the inconveniences of life on my ac-  
 “ count---to want and misery from her af-  
 “ fection for me!--she, who should be  
 “ queen of the universe!--would be worse  
 “ than tearing my nerves asunder. There  
 “ is still hope, however, of better things:  
 “ all is not yet lost. I may even have the  
 “ pleasure of bearing you in triumph from  
 “ the arms of a cruel father, by whom I  
 “ am now scorned. But, be the event  
 “ what it will, to carry you off by stealth,  
 “ and run the risk of being reduced to the  
 “ humble necessity of supplicating forgive-  
 “ nefs for bread, is what I should startle at  
 “ even in thought. Call it not coldness,  
 “ Dione, it is my nature’s pride—it is a  
 “ principle natural to my existence.”

“ As long as possible I will resist; but—

“ *Resist!*—perdition! who dare touch  
 “ thy beauties?—*But*—what?—Ah, do  
 “ not rouse the dæmon of the soul!—I am  
 already

“ already mad. Yet fear not thou, Dione;  
“ Heaven will protect its own. But why  
“ refer to Heaven, or any guardian power,  
“ what this right-arm can do?—He dies!”

“ Who dies, my love?”

“ The traitor who would rob me of  
“ Dione.”

“ Alas, Cleanthes! that would undo our  
“ happiness for ever. No violence shall  
“ force me to his bed. On this depend.”

“ I will, my love, and trust the event  
“ to fate.”

“ With these mutual assurances we parted. But before Cleanthes met my sight he met my brother, who was privy to our meeting. By him he was informed that his suit was lost. This falsity had been propagated by Count de B—, with a view of obtaining my consent; in which case, he thought himself secure, go things what way they would.

“ Without enquiring particulars, Cleanthes turned about; and, seeing me at a distance, he left my brother abruptly. I had observed them meet; and my fears suggested I knew not what, from the violence of their gestures. But, when I saw

I

Clean-

Cleanthes advance with so much briskness, my bosom was all in a flutter: now hope, now fear predominated: I stood like a tree shook by two contending winds. Alas! what was my disappointment at his approach?—The distracted wildness of his look was terrible. He drew his sword; and, brandishing it with the air of frenzy, he cried,

“ This, Dione, is the whole fortune of  
“ Cleanthes!”

“ Regardless of danger, I rushed into  
his arms, and said,

“ ’Tis enough, my love, for Dione. She  
“ covets not fortune, Cleanthes is every  
“ thing to her; and Heaven has afforded  
“ her this opportunity of convincing him,  
“ that it is *himself*, and him alone, that she  
“ loves. O Cleanthes! without this acci-  
“ dent we had never known the extent of  
“ our affections. Let love then be the  
“ great business of our lives; let us find  
“ out some solitary dwelling, far from a-  
“ rice and pride, where we may pour out  
“ our hearts in security. Few are the  
“ wants of nature.”

“ Assist



" Assist me, cœlestial powers, to endure  
 " such felicity!--Look down, ye blessed  
 " spirits, and behold this miracle of human  
 " constancy!--Dismantled of all my flow-  
 " ery honours, she twines with greater  
 " closeness!--'Tis too much for man. O  
 " that I could expire in the ecstatic trans-  
 " port!"

" Ah, Cleanthes! why think of dying?  
 " ---For us there is an age of joy prepared."

" For you, my love, I hope; but mine  
 " is at the height."

" Dione's fate is interwoven with that of  
 " her Cleanthes."

" So I believed; but destiny denies it."

" What means my Cleanthes?"

" Never, Dione, can I drag to earth,  
 " what should adorn the sky. Ill would

" the ruffet robe become that form; and

" ill those soft and tender limbs would bear

" the inclement blast!--Thy love, I know,

" thy warm exalted love, would this and

" more sustain; but Heaven must with-

" draw every drop of humanity from the

" bosom of the man that could view it and

" not curse his birth. Ah! sad return, to her

" whose generous heart had shared with me

" the wealth of kingdoms!---who had pre-  
 " pared me sweet and downy rest, and on  
 " her breast had laid my love-sick head!---  
 " I could never behold it and live. Had  
 " fortune lifted me to an imperial throne,  
 " I should have been proud to choose you  
 " the partner of my sway: and well would  
 " a sceptre become that hand: but my af-  
 " fection tells me, that I should act a dis-  
 " honourable part to make you the sharer  
 " of my adversities---to involve her, whose  
 " felicity is my supreme wish, in distresses  
 " which I know to be unavoidable. Live,  
 " Dione, in friendship with your parents;  
 " ---their severity will cease when I am  
 " gone---while Cleanthes, by his sword,  
 " attempts to open a way to that importance  
 " of which fate has deprived him, and  
 " which alone can entitle him to thy hand."

" Is this the language of love?"

" Yes, Dione, of the most exalted love;  
 " which, laying aside all selfish considera-  
 " tions, founds its felicity on the welfare  
 " of its object."

" My heart does not tell me so:---and I  
 " am now conscious of jealousy for the  
 " first time. Pardon me therefore, Cle-

" anthes,

“ anthes, if I suspect, that you mean to  
 “ retrieve your fortune at the expence of  
 “ your love. True affection knows no such  
 “ fears :—these are the scruples of disap-  
 “ pointed pride. Let me attempt to return  
 “ your generosity. *Go, Cleanthes, go better*  
 “ —but, alas! I am unable to conclude.  
 “ Yet I do not love you the less on that  
 “ account; nay, I think I love you the  
 “ more. Were my heart less engaged I  
 “ could do it. But though I cannot desire  
 “ to see you better your fortune in the  
 “ arms of another, had Heaven put it in  
 “ my power I would have done it.”

“ You have done it already, Dione,—my  
 “ fortune is more than restored—in you I  
 “ have all that the heart can desire:—wealth,  
 “ honour, pleasure!—But you are jealous,  
 “ my love!—Dione is jealous of her Cle-  
 “ anthes!—How shall I cure it?—There  
 “ is but one way left to put both our hearts  
 “ at ease. Embrace me, my love!—No!  
 “ —I have sold my fidelity to retrieve my  
 “ fortune. Yet one last, one dear embrace!  
 “ —another before we part—a third in re-  
 “ membrance of former confidence.”



“ Then, taking hold of my left-hand with his, he looked with a wild anxiety in my face, and exclaimed in a tone of agony,

“ O Dione! Dione! thy words were cruel, and thy suspicions unjust—but this will end them!”—and he plunged his sword in his faithful heart.

“ I gave a shriek, and fell on his breast.

“ My brother heard the sound; and, approaching the scene of horror, found me in such a condition as made him suppose we were both in the same state; and often have I wished since, that it had been the will of the Creator then to have received my soul.

“ My father’s heart melted at the tale. He considered himself as the murderer of Cleanthes; and, perhaps, of his only daughter.

“ I was yet in a state of insensibility: and the first object that struck my eye was the body of Cleanthes on a bier. Unmindful of what was past, I started up, crying,

“ Murderers! murderers, hence!—How lovely even in death!—O Cleanthes, let me press that fond, that faithful breast, and sigh my soul to thine!—I come, my love! I come!”—falling again into a swoon.

“ In

“ In this distracted condition I continued for some weeks ; and only then recovered my faculties to be conscious of more exquisite distress. The suit was decided in favour of Cleanthes ; my brother had killed Count de B-- in a duel, occasioned by his villainous report ; and my father had expired in a fit of shame and remorse.

“ As nothing under Heaven could now yield the least relief to my afflicted mind, I resolved to dedicate my life to religion ; and to devote those affections solely to the Supreme Being, which had once been shared by an earthly object. Ah, how much happier they, who never placed their hearts on the fleeting shadows of a transitory world !

“ My brother approved the pious purpose ; but opposed the notion of a convent. All confinement, he said, must become disagreeable as soon as felt to be such ; and, to divert me from the thought, he made me a present of this retreat, and a fortune that might have made me happy in the arms of Cleanthes.

“ This garden, (said she, walking out of the arbour) you will observe, dear Yorick, has a conformity to the prevailing disposition of my mind. But the grotto is more particularly

cularly the emblem of my condition in the first stages of my grief. You must see it."

I followed the beautiful mourner to a corner of the garden; where the distant murmur of a stream added solemnity to a thick grove. The mouth of a cavity presented itself at a distance, calculated to inspire the deepest melancholy. On every side stood weeping Loves, surrounded by the ensigns of mortality; and over the entrance was this inscription:

" FAR hence, ye Pleasures, and ye Joys!

" Far hence be Jollity and Noise!

" This is the lone retreat of Woe:

" Of one who only lives to weep;

" Of one, who ne'er can comfort know,

" Till in the grave the Mourner sleep."

In the middle of the grotto hung a dim lamp, which discovered a statue of Cleanthes in the attitude of falling; and, on every side, were little caskets, containing his love-letters, presents, and other remembrancers of their passion.

Madam de L--- was pretty composed till she approached the statue; when, all at once, as if seized with some supernatural impulse, she



she clasped it in her arms, and loaded it with caresses ; crying, with the most mournful accent,

“ O Cleanthes, Cleanthes ! pardon the  
 “ cruel words that were the cause of thy  
 “ death ; and permit me to share thy affec-  
 “ tions in the regions of immortality !---”

Good God, thought I, is it possible for human nature to be under such delusion !—and I was going on to moralize, when the Lady, observing my surprize, said,

“ Excuse my weakness, dear Yorick ; this  
 “ I performed as a devotion in the first trans-  
 “ ports of my grief, and habit has now ren-  
 “ dered it unavoidable every time I enter this  
 “ grotto.”

I said I was pleased to see such an instance of the power of the tender passions ; and that I was sometimes subject to something of a like nature myself.

We now sat ourselves down in this cavern of sorrow ; when Madam de L— took occasion to inform me, that, at her brother’s intercession, she had been prevailed on to make the tour of France ; that she was on this journey when I met her ; before which she had been entirely secluded from the world since the  
 death

death of Cleanthes, which had happened about seven years ago.

I said, 'twas mournful—'twas wonderous mournful; but added, as we came out of the grotto,

“ Though the Loves now weep on the  
“ ground (looking at the statues) time may  
“ pinion their wings.”

She sighed, and said, in a plaintive voice,  
“ Ah, no! this heart can never beat with  
“ any emotion but the calm pulsations of  
“ friendship; can never feel the glow of pas-  
“ sion, till I meet with Cleanthes in those  
“ happy regions, where no cruel father will  
“ controul, and no worldly wants affright  
“ from the indulgence of our affections; but  
“ Love triumphant reigns.”

From this speech, I had no reason to think her incapable of a new passion—while the affections exist there is a possibility of changing their object---but, as she seemed willing to be thought so, I seized her gently by the hand, and concluded with wishing, That, HE, who binds up the broken in heart, might comfort her, till the arrival of the *happy* period that should wipe *all* sorrows from her eyes.

REMARKS

R E M A R K S

T R A V E L L I N G.

**O**UR young noblemen and gentlemen are generally sent to the university, and after staying some time there, they are sent abroad to make a tour of Europe. Supposing that every one of them is become a scholar by his application to study, yet the nature of trade and commerce, the manufactures of various kinds, and the product of the different counties of the kingdom, are things which they are seldom or never taught to think of. They may possibly know the value of the estates they are born to, because they have been told so; but as they have never had any cause to enquire, and never been informed by what means, or in what manner it is produced,—without doing any injustice to their understanding and capacity, I dare venture to say, that few of them, at that age, can give any tolerable account,

In



In this manner they are sent abroad, ignorant of the laws, the trade, manufactures, and product of their own country. It is very improbable that those of another country shall become the subject of their enquiries, or that they shall be able to make any comparisons between those of other countries and their own. Another scene opens itself immediately to their view, and turns their attention another way. The first thing they apply themselves to, is to be naturalized as near as possible into the French dress, taste, and manners; not completely masters of their language, they are in a manner excluded from the best company; the gay and giddy become their companions, the ladies and plays their amusement, and their time is wasted in a round of pleasure and frivolous trifles.

They set out from Paris, they over-run great part of the kingdom, they see the towns, rivers, woods, and mountains as they pass, and they can, perhaps, tell the distance of one town from another, and the capital of every province. They run over Italy, Germany, and the Low Countries in the same manner; and supposing they

they have seen the curiosities, and been at every different court, in those parts of Europe, yet the nature and spirit of their laws and government, the arts, manufactures, and product of those countries, are speculations which their age and diversions forbid, and they return home, Englishmen by name, but, in reality, neither French nor English.

That the enquiry of young people should reach no further than to those things which only employ and please the memory, is not in the least to be wondered at, because the multiplicity and variety of different objects which present themselves to their view, the different dress and behaviour of so many different people, attract their attention, and take up great part of their time. The smooth and pleasing path of pleasure and amusement which every place affords, is infinitely more inviting to young minds, than speculations which lie hid, and must be harrowed up with time, patience, pains, and industry: hence it comes to pass that they are neglected and forgot. But that men of age and maturity, who go so often to the south to mend their manners, their consti-

constitutions, and fortunes, should not employ their time to better purpose, is much more amazing.

Among the number of books of travels which I see, few of them are worth reading, but as I am much better acquainted with every place, I lament the loss of time I spent in reading them, as it served to make me wonder how they could think of amusing the public with such a heap of absurdities, and ridiculous nonsense. I knew a mighty doctor of the church, who set out with a design to let nothing escape his attention, and to make the grand tour at a cheaper rate than any had done before him; he examined all the markets at Paris with great pains, and knew the price of provisions exactly. He was like a lord at the tables of intendants, and like a pedlar at the inns; he would never eat nor drink without making a sure bargain, nor would he employ even a shoemaker without being strongly recommended to him; the price of things was his chief enquiry, he was ever imposed upon, and ever displeased. He knew whether the play-houses were most frequented on Sundays or Saturdays, he knew



knew also the degrees of heat and cold, and he brought home a budget of remarks to amuse a parcel of old women at a tea-table.—Let me change the scene.

The Spaniards are not idle and indolent by nature, nor is their country poor and weak from a natural cause: where there is a prospect of interest, men of every nation will engage in the pursuit; but when all the avenues to interest are barred up, men dwindle into indolence and poverty. The cause of this arises from the nature of their government, and for the same cause, that nation is unactive and impotent. Scotland laboured long with the same disease; of late years industry and manufactures have spread themselves with surprising velocity; unhappily, taxes oppress them like the curb of a mettled horse, which stops him in his full career. The constitution of England favoured industry and manufactures; no nation abounded with more, nor brought them to so great perfection: they are oppressed by misconduct, they languish and die. France struggled long with difficulties, it struggles with some still, the obstacles and prejudices are wearing off by degrees: the  
spirit

spirit of trade, the increase of their manufactures, the public works which shew themselves over all the kingdom, and the strict attention of the government to all these things, are manifest marks of a rising nation; they encourage the arts we neglect, they grow wise at our folly, and they grow strong as we decline.

Did our travellers employ their time in speculations of this kind, it would tend more to their honour and interest; could they learn to become less luxurious and extravagant by travelling, their attention would be turned to the good of the public as well as their own; these two would keep equal pace, and mutually walk together; the spirit of faction would cease, men's designs would center in one point, the loss of our manufactures, and depopulation would be prevented, prosperity and peace would bless the land. But, when men bring home the vanity and luxury of France, and blend the follies of other nations with their own, their minds are wholly devoted to pleasure and interest; they are fired with ambition, the public good is neglected, the cement of unity is disjointed, and tore to pieces; there

there seems to be no more harmony amongst us, but that of a giddy unthinking mob, bent upon mischief, who obey no laws, incapable of knowing their interest, devoted to destruction, and led to be slaves by each pretending patriot, whilst universal confusion threatens to scourge the kingdom for its folly and vice.

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T H E

## EFFECTS of HABITUAL MISERY,

Exemplified in the Life of a disabled Soldier.

**N**O observation is more common, and at the same time more true, than That one half the world are ignorant how the other half lives. The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention; are enlarged upon in tones of declamation; and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers: the great, under the pressure of calamity, are conscious of several others sympathising with their

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distress;



distress; and have, at once, the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude when the whole world is looking on: men in such circumstances will act bravely even from motives of vanity; but he who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity; who, without friends to encourage, acquaintance to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquility and indifference, is truly great; whether peasant or courtier he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

While the slightest inconveniencies of the great are magnified into calamities; while tragedy mouths out their sufferings in all the strains of eloquence, the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded; and yet some of the lower rank of people undergo more real hardships in one day, than those of a more exalted station suffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meanest of our common sailors and soldiers endure without murmuring or regret; without passionately declaiming against

gainst providence, or calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of misery, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabutin, complain of their misfortunes and hardships, whose greatest calamity was that of being unable to visit a certain spot of earth, to which they had foolishly attached an idea of happiness. Their distresses were pleasures, compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and slept; they had slaves to attend them, and were sure of subsistence for life; while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander, without a friend to comfort and assist them, and even without a shelter from the severity of the season.

I have been led into these reflections from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dressed in a sailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town, with a wooden leg. I knew him to be honest and industrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation.

Wherefore, after giving him what I thought proper, I desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress. The disabled soldier, for such he was, though dressed in a sailor's habit, scratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himself into a posture to comply with my request, and gave me his history as follows:

“ As for my misfortunes, master, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks; for except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank Heaven, that I have to complain; there is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, he has lost both his legs, and an eye to boot; but, thank Heaven, 'tis not so bad with me yet.

“ I was born in Shropshire, my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old; so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners could not tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born, so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought in my heart, they kept sending me about so long, that they would  
not



not let me be born in any parish at all; but, at last, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved, at least, to know my letters; but the master of the work-house put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an easy kind of life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away: but what of that? I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I eat and drank well, and liked my business well enough till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself; so I was resolved to go and seek my fortune.

“ In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none: when happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of peace, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me;

K

and

and I believe the devil put it in my head to fling my stick at it:—well, what will you have on't? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away in triumph, when the justice himself met me: he called me poacher and a villain; and collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself: I fell upon my knees, begged his Worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, feed, and generation; but, though I gave a very good account, the justice would not believe a syllable I had to say; so I was indicted at sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

“ People may say this and that of being in jail; but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in, in all my life. I had my belly-full to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to last for ever; so I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board a ship, and sent off, with two hundred more, to the Plantations. We had but an indifferent passage; for, being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred  
of

of our people died for want of sweet air ; and those that remained were sickly enough, God knows. When we came ashore, we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar, for I did not know my letters, I was obliged to work among the negroes ; and I served out my time as in duty bound to do.

“ When my time was expired, I worked my passage home, and glad was I to see Old England again, because I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them.

“ I was very happy in this manner for some time, till one evening coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand. They belonged to a press-gang ; I was carried before the justice, and as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man of war, or list for a soldier. I chose the latter ; and in this post of a gentleman, I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of  
Val



Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound, through the breast here; but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.

“ When the peace came on, I was discharged; and, as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I lifted for a landman in the East-India Company's service. I here fought the French in six pitched battles; and I verily believe, that, if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion; for I soon fell sick, and so got leave to return home with 40l. in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the late war, and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money; but the government wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could set foot on shore.

“ The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow; he swore he knew that I understood my business well, but that I shammed Abraham, merely to be idle; but God knows, I knew nothing of sea-business, and he beat me, without considering what

what he was about. I had still, however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me under every beating; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost all.

“ Our crew was carried into Brest, and many of them died, because they were not used to live in a jail; but, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night, as I was sleeping on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, (for I always loved to lie well) I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lantern in his hand: “ Jack, (says he to me) “ will you knock out the French centry’s “ brains?” I don’t care, says I, striving to keep myself awake, if I lend a hand. “ Then follow me, (says he) and I hope “ we shall do business.” So up I got, and tied my blanket, which was all the cloaths I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. I hate the French, because they are all slaves, and wear wooden shoes.

“ Though we had no arms, one Englishman is able to fight five French at any time; so

so we went down to the door, where both centries were posted, and rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence nine of us ran together to the quay, and seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour and put to sea. We had not been here three days, before we were taken up by the Dorset privateer, who were glad of so many good hands; and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not as much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the Pompadour privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; so to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, had we but had some more men left behind; but unfortunately, we lost all our men, just as we were going to get the victory.

“ I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me, had I been brought back to Brest; but, by good fortune, we were retaken by the Viper. I had almost forgot to tell you, that, in that engagement, I was wounded



wounded in two places; I lost four fingers of the left-hand, and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good fortune to have lost my leg, and use of my hand, on board a king's ship, and not aboard a privateer, I should have been intitled to cloathing and maintenance, during the rest of my life; but that was not my chance: one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God, I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and Old England. Liberty, property, and Old England for ever, huzza!"

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it.

## T H E F E M A L E W R A N G L E R.

**O**NE of the contradicting sex,  
 Practis'd in every art to vex,  
 Brimful of spirit and debate  
 The constant breather of her mate,

Eager

Eager with words to take the field,  
 First to attack, and last to yield,  
 Or wrong or right, with friends or foes,  
 (For her delight was to oppose)  
 Disputing near a river's side  
 Fell in and struggled, squall'd and dy'd.  
 The husband bending o'er the brink,  
 With great composure saw her sink;  
 He flung his arms across his breast,  
 'Till he was sure she was at rest;  
 Then begg'd his neighbours skill and pains  
 With hooks to search her dear remains.  
 The youngest of them stripp'd, and down  
 The current pok'd to catch her gown,  
 Supposing that way they were carry'd,  
 But they, alas! had ne'er been marry'd.  
 Her wiser spouse, who pensive stood,  
 And saw their labours in the flood,  
 " Give o'er pursuing there, he cry'd,  
 You'll never find her with the tide;  
 For if you shou'd, my friends, the water  
 I'm sure must strangely change her nature.  
 Try upwards, if I right have guest,  
 Allow, I know the woman best,  
 She never yielded, while alive;  
 And to the last, I think, wou'd strive."

But

But why of us these stories, pray?  
I hear an angry female say:  
Would not these fancy-making tales  
Fit wrangling, disputatious males?

The lion thus began to vent his  
Just rage at sight of London 'Prentice,  
What shame it is false men are painters,  
Who thus daub things at all adventures?  
Behold my teeth and paws and judge  
Whether 'tis vanity or grudge:  
But silence! — let them draw these cheats,  
Man odly paints, the lion eats.

Well: please the fair, reform the plan,  
Instead of woman put it man:  
The fable we'll go on to sing,  
The person's alter'd, not the thing;  
Such change no way affects our story,  
The moral still returns before ye,

*Who'er's to contradiction bred,  
Will contradict, at least till dead.*

SOLITUDE :



SOLITUDE: An ELEGY.

To a young Lady who proposed

R E T I R E M E N T.

**Y**ES, 'tis resolv'd—*Monimia* we'll retreat  
From scenes that can no longer bribe  
our stay;

Quit the vain world, and to the meanly great  
Leave pomp, dull pleasures to the madly gay.

O early wife! can'st thou whom crowds ad-  
mire, [lost?

Those crowds forsake, to fame, to beauty  
What merit's mine, who from the world retire,  
Yet carry with me more than worlds can  
boast?

In thought the sweet romantic scene I've form'd,  
By waving woods inclos'd, and tow'ring hills;  
Serene and still—save where the ear is charm'd  
By feather'd warblers, or the gurgling rills.

Along the crooked vale the rivulet glides  
In wanton mazes, whence the od'rous flow'rs  
Drink life, that paints with various hue its sides;  
The pleasing task of many happy hours!

Here,

Here, from the reach of giddy fortune plac'd,  
 Th' oppressor's injuries, and the tyrant's  
 wrath;

Unseen, unknown, we'll live ignobly blest,  
 And steal in peace through virtue's private  
 path.

No thirst of lucre, no ambition here,  
 Enjoying all, can haunt our solitude;  
 Nor envy, malice, hate, or treachery e'er  
 To stain the current of our joys, intrude.

Here, when the ruddy east proclaims the day,  
 And to the throne of Heav'n creation pays  
 Due adoration; arm in arm we'll stray,  
 And grateful join the universal praise.

Or when at noon, to shun the sultry rays,  
 We seek the cooling grotto, or reclin'd  
 Beside some fountain's shadowy banks, retrace  
 Those scenes of folly we have left behind.

In youth, through expectation's microscope,  
 Swol'n to gigantic size life's joys we view,  
 And with impatience fir'd, and eager hope,  
 We press the bright delusions to pursue:

But

But when, in years maturer, we approach,  
And grave restraints no more controul us,  
here, [touch,  
Like the fam'd plant, they shrink beneath our  
Or, as a dream, dissolve in empty air.

In vain our fond credulity to some  
More distant period shifts the promis'd good;  
The wily phantoms, wheresoe'er we come,  
Fly with like haste, and still our grasp elude.

Admit delights more rational and true ;  
The parent's joys, the blifs of souls ally'd  
By love, or friendship—these how very few  
Know to purfue ! how eafy, gain'd, deftroy'd !

If foul detraction spread her noxious blast,  
Love, peace, and joy are fled—and present pain  
Receives increase from thoughts of pleasures  
past:

The greatest enemy to man—is man.

What anxious cares furround the marriage-bed!  
What racking jealousies, what frequent strife!  
Why tears yon frantic fire his hoary head,  
Upbraiding Heav'n that gave his offspring  
life?

**See**



See where to mark it's flow departing breath,  
 O'er her sick babe the tender parent hangs ;  
 In vain I late *Eugenio* clasp'd, whilst death  
 The fabric storm'd with strong convulsive  
 pangs.

Say then is happiness an empty name ?

Imagination can expatiate wide,  
 And more exalted schemes of bliss can frame  
 Than ever were or can be here enjoy'd.

Can the great source of truth deceive ? Has  
 Heav'n

Desires implanted but to be denied ?  
 Of happiness such high conceptions giv'n  
 It meant not ever should be gratified ?

Sure proof the immaterial soul survives  
 It's parting with this perishable clay ;  
 And, barr'd from these enjoyments here, receives  
 Their full completion in the realms of day.

## YOUTH and AGE contrasted.

**T**HE different enjoyments and views of  
 youth and age, with regard to this  
 world, have often been the subject of much  
 pleasing contemplation.

The glow of warm blood, the vigour of health, and the strong powers of imagination, have ever represented to my mind the morning of life, like the morning of day; where every thing is fresh and chearful, inviting enjoyment, and contributive of great pleasure; love, pastime, and even business, are pursued with high delight. Every thing appears charming, as in the season of spring, inspiring us with rapture, and inviting us to bliss. But as all sublunary transports have but transitory existence, the edge which tasting gives to our appetites, a full meal is sure to blunt; therefore, those who seek no higher enjoyments than from their passions, will be sure to experience satiety in their indulgence; nature having doomed us to weariness in all the full gratifications of our senses.

Those only continue happy, who are so precautionally prudent as to lay in early a stock for true permanent satisfaction: which is of nature less violent, but infinitely more durable. This store must be composed of virtue, wisdom, and their fruits, which are knowledge, temperance, and propriety, the needful instruments of felicity.

Youth,

Youth, therefore, to be happy, must acquire some of the attainments of age, to attain which reason will have recourse to the experience of grey hairs. It is in the dispensing of wisdom that age appears venerable; and without the power of doing it, it forfeits its high dignity; for a head grown hoary in follies is a woeful object of derision.

Our passions in youth are very powerful seducers; they hurry us into hasty enjoyments, which have often their ending in very long and fruitless repentance. Against these imminent evils, which have their foundations in early life, we have no kind of defence, but in the experience of later days, which those are the most happy who soonest acquire and regard.

The long-practised in life have found the futility of all raptures, and know that none are worth purchasing at the price of great hazards. The lover's dream of ecstasies, and the prodigal's of high delight, are equal delusions practised by passion on reason; for in rational enjoyments only duration is to be found. We grow speedily sick of what we only admire, but are often last-



ingly gratified with what we reasonably approve.

Thus must youth, to be happy, acquire some of the qualities of age; and age, to be comfortable, must retain some of those of youth. The strong passions and affections of both æras are alike deceitful; as in one stage we have not attained to the vigour of sound judgment, and in the other we have past it, and got into the date of second dotage, without the benefits of restraints that were our securities in our first childhood; and we are apt to continue full in the pride of experience, when the powers of reason are all decaying or become lost.

Age pictured in the mind is decrepitude in winter, retiring in the evening to the comfortable shelter of a fire-side, where secure from the rage of elements, and weary of vain pursuits, it can please itself with prattling of evils overcome, and pleasures that it has parted with the enjoyment of without regret, seeking nothing but to wear down the last stage of life with ease, and leaving bustle and folly to those to whom by nature they belong.

The

The greatest wisdom that can ornament hoary heads is, to quit the crowd with a good grace, and voluntarily to leave giddy society before they become forcibly excluded from it. Infirmary must take shelter in the kindness of true friendship, and that is not to be expected from the many, but the few.

Talkativeness is the foible and gratification of old age, and has been so distinguished, by observation, from Homer's days to the present time. A cheerfulness retained from youth gives a gracefulness to this humour, and recommends even its imperfections, if not to common approbation, at least to particular good will.

If youth has its advantage of high spirits and fond pursuits, old age can boast its comforts of composure and resignation. One stage of life is to be represented by the pleasurable appetite with which we sit down to a meal; the other, by the satisfied indifference with which we are fure to rise from it, and the willing disposition we make after it for rest.

It is folly in youth to place too strong a reliance on long life; it is weakness in old

age to be over solicitous about it. In the former case, the expectation is indulged with uncertainty; in the latter the desire is attended by anxiety, because the chances of probability are entirely against it.

All that we are sure of in this life is that we must quit it, we know not when: and all that it most behoves us to do is, to be prepared for that call; which wisdom and virtue are our constant admonishers to. It little matters how long we live in this world; but it greatly does in what manner we live in it. We have a full right, while we are here, to all rational enjoyments; and it is our faults, if we suffer other pursuits to become our deluders into disquiet. We should in all things be the seekers of our own peace and welfare, and the promoters of those of others. While we make such the rules of our conduct, we shall be certainly good and happy; equally ready to continue with life, and ready to resign it.

Youth has no more bliss than sober reason can insure to it; nor has age more unhappiness than indiscretion brings upon it. All depends on our acting right parts in those different stages of our being; our  
credit



credit and felicity being such as we ourselves make them: so that it is not providence, but perverseness, that makes us otherwise than happy.

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T H E

R I V A L F R I E N D S.

**L**EANDER and Alcasto were united in the bonds of strictest friendship; an amity the more surprising, as their difference of taste, character, and inclination, seemed repugnant to such a connection.

Alcasto was tall, well-made, and of a charming presence, with the most imperious humour in the world: however, his self-sufficiency appeared on all occasions. Hence a thousand failings rendered his company insupportable to every one that was not greatly his friend. The most trifling contradiction, the slightest misunderstanding, and even the shadow of raillery, threw him into such transports of passion, as were very difficult for him to contain. He had wit, but much less than he imagined. A

pre-

pretender himself to every kind of merit, he seldom ascribed any to others: he was a man of letters; but encouraged literature more to give himself an air of consequence, than from taste: addicted, by his natural disposition, to pleasure, he despised those which a tender sensibility renders so exquisitely delightful; such as would have trespassed too much on his vanity. While I censure the failings of Alcasto, however, I must not forget to do him justice for a thousand good qualities he possessed. He was liberal in his sentiments, generous, of strict probity, and great honour. He embraced with pleasure every occasion of obliging others; but he was a stranger to the art of conferring his favours in that happy manner that doubles the value of the obligation. Such was the person and character of Alcasto.

Leander was of a very different turn; much less agreeable in person and exterior deportment: but, to make up for this defect, he was all complacence in his manners, all sweetness in his disposition. Humane, susceptible, and compassionate, the distressed needed no other plea than there being

being unhappy, to find the way to his heart, and lay claim to all its tenderness. His wit, of which he had an extraordinary share, was equal to his extensive knowledge, but, subjected to the controul of his reason, was never made use of to give any one offence. Those who were unacquainted with him, seeing how eagerly he seized every opportunity of saying obliging things, how many refined encomiums he passed on deserving objects, how artfully he placed himself on a level with the capacities of the different people he conversed with, and how great a master he was of the secret of throwing a veil over the failings of others, while he placed their good qualities in the fairest point of view; those, I say, who were unacquainted with him, and saw all this, imagined him naturally given to flattery: no man, however, was less so; not the prospect of the most splendid fortune being capable to make him pay a servile adulation to vice, or betray the cause of truth. He was not insensible, however, that, though a man of honour should never forfeit his veracity, there are times and occasions when it is permitted him, when indeed



indeed he ought to be silent. His benevolent disposition justly suggested to him, that one may be sincere without being morose. The only failing for which Leander was reproachable, was a too great susceptibility for the charms of the fair-sex; a susceptibility capable of being led into the most violent extremes. He knew his foible, and therefore threw himself as seldom as possible in the way of the ladies: his heart was replete with the friendship he bore Alcasto, and carefully avoided every other attachment.

Alcasto and Leander served together in the same regiment: their friendship, in an age when instances of so virtuous a sentiment are uncommon, was remarked by every one, and excited universal admiration. Love took umbrage at it, and formed a design to disturb it at least, if unable to dissolve their amity. Elvira was the fair object selected to execute this design; she was tall, admirable in feature and complexion, and of the most ravishing figure in the world: she had just left a convent to be married to a bridegroom, whose least fault was that of being turned of sixty. Naturally

rally susceptible of love, and with an imagination heated by reading romances, it is no wonder she found such an husband incapable of engaging her heart. She had not been long married when our two friends took up their quarters with their regiment in the town where she lived.

Alcasto's was one of those striking figures, whose presence at once attracts the eye and interests the heart of the beholder. Elvira saw him, and sighed in secret. The disorder of her looks betrayed that of her mind; her eyes were fixed on the amiable object that engaged all her attention. Alcasto, whose good opinion of himself did not permit him to be blind to the least marks of admiration, perceived the agitation of the tender breast of Elvira: he easily guessed the cause, and mistook the secret emotions of pleasure he felt on the occasion for the effects of a sympathetic passion. Thus persuading himself he was really in love, he set earnestly about completing the conquest of Elvira; who was too much interested in the pretence to doubt of its reality; delighted with any motive to justify her own weakness,

weakness, the passion of Alcasto appeared a sufficient justification.

The happy suitor soon obtained the charming confession of his conquest; a conquest so flattering to his vanity, that the most passionate lover could not feel more lively transports. He left her, and, meeting his friend Leander, my dear Leander, said he, can you conceive the excess of my joy? Elvira, the amiable Elvira, is sensible of my passion; she returns it with mutual ardour; and her charming lips have this moment confirmed what I had already learnt from her eyes.---You make me no answer! ---Wherefore this gloomy silence, your dejected air, and languishing looks? Leander pretended an indisposition, and left him. Deeply affected, however, by what he had heard, he retired to his chamber. He loved, he adored Elvira. Judge then of the horror of his situation.—How many sacrifices could he not willingly have made to friendship? His passion was indeed the only one he could not make: how was it possible he should? Convinced of the happiness of his rival, what must he not suffer?

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The vanity of this rival, however, being satisfied, he soon recovered his former state of mind, and returned the most ardent passion with the most cruel indifference. He loves me no longer, would Elvira sometimes complain to Leander; observe what pains he takes to shun me: how can I have acquired or deserved his hate? I, that have nothing to reproach myself with but that of loving him too well! But you, who are his friend and mine, do you exert yourself, use every possible means to bring me back the heart I have lost: for in that loss I lose my own repose, nor can I ever find happiness till it be restored. Have pity on my tears, and relieve an unhappy victim to love and despair. Leander, making his passion a victim to friendship, sighed, shed a tear, and did as Elvira required. What a lover! how uncommon a friend!—But 'twas in vain. No, madam, said he one day to Elvira, neither friendship, love, nor even the power of your charms, can inspire an heart with tenderness that was not formed for susceptibility. Alcasto is an ingrate.—Why doth he not see with my eyes? Why hath he not my sensibility? His felicity will be  
my

my unhappiness; but he may return, and amply fulfil your tenderest expectations. No, replied Elvira; I will not purchase happiness at so dear a rate: you are no less dear to me, Leander: but why cannot my reason dispose of my heart? We might then be happy.—But if the most perfect esteem, the most—Ah! madam, interrupted Leander, what is friendship? what is esteem? Is it with such cold favours you return a passion so warm as mine? Happy Alcasto! how do I envy your good fortune! And thou most cruel tyrant, Love! how long wilt thou continue to persecute me? Is not your quiver empty? Are not the ills you have already inflicted on me sufficiently great?—You have then before been in love, said Elvira; you will do me a sensible pleasure in relating the particulars of your passion: you know how great an interest I take in whatever concerns you: the friendship you have inspired me with is indeed hardly to be distinguished from love: you will therefore, I doubt not, readily satisfy my curiosity.

In raptures at what Elvira had said, the heart of Leander beat with pleasing hope, and,

and, after a few moments expressive silence, he began in the following words.

I am one of those who have ever despised the common prejudices of mankind, particularly in the affair of love. A fine person, a graceful carriage, and an amiable disposition, are all the titles or wealth I should look for in a woman. Julia possessed all these advantages; and if to them be added a delicacy of sentiment infinitely above her condition, you will confess with me, that so many charms ought to compensate for the want of those other qualifications the injustice of fortune had deprived her of. My earliest regards were fixed, with a secret pleasure, on so charming an object: indeed I loved, I adored her, at a time of life when the generality of mankind are even ignorant of the name of love; but her piercing eyes had opened mine; my understanding was formed by hers; and I could not then exist a moment out of her company. She was under the protection of my relations, whom her early merit had influenced in her favour: her mother indeed had nursed one of my sisters; so that she lived entirely at the house of my father, where she was provided for, and evinced the care was in no wise  
thrown



thrown away that was taken in her education. The marks of that innocent affection, which first attached me to Julia, were at that time looked upon only as childish play ; and as no one troubled their head about the consequences of it, we took care to profit by the liberty allowed us. Love only can give you an idea of those pleasures we enjoyed in each other's company with reciprocal tenderness. Happy moments ! how soon ye fled ! a sad remembrance only of that delightful interval left behind ! Ah ! no, it is impossible I should ever forget that day in which she first confessed those sentiments for me my heart had long divined, the assurance of which nevertheless gave me inexpressible transport. She had just gone down a dance ; her cheeks glowed with the most lively red ; her eyes sparkled with the brightest lustre ; while the loves and graces hovered around her charming form and fluttered on her breast. Love, almighty Love, preceded her steps, and led her to the seat next mine. Heavens ! how quick my heart beat at that instant ! I endeavoured to speak to her, but hesitated at every word. In the mean time she saw and pitied my confusion. I can read, said she, with an air of charming

charming complacence, the sentiments of your heart; I am not insensible of your passion: but why hath fortune placed us at so great a distance from each other? how delightful would it have been to me, if—but, said she, stopping short in her discourse, let us not flatter ourselves with chimeras; let us suppress the emotions of our hearts; it may be dangerous to indulge them.—How dangerous! returned I; why suppress them? do not those emotions constitute our happiness? it is the duty of love to repair the injustice of fortune; how enraptured should I be to make happy the object I love. Prejudice, I know, will object and say, How! Sir! is it possible you should stoop so low?—do you forget your fortune, your family, your honour?—But prejudice shall never enslave my inclinations or understanding, especially when I see it founded only in pride.—I was now called out to dance, and could no longer continue this delightful conversation.

My passion was too violent to lie long concealed. It was observed, and my relations, being informed of it, were alarmed, and began to be fearful of the consequen-

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ces:

ces : to prevent which they thought it prudent to part us, by engaging me some years in the service.

I was told of this their resolution, was appointed, and received orders to join my regiment at a time when I least expected such news. I flew to Julia ; to whom my sighs and tears made known the calamity that threatened us. This is the fatal stroke I feared, cried the gentle Julia ; this is what my foreboding heart presaged. Thou must go, and with thee all my joy, my happiness, my only hope. Go, and take with thee all my heart holds dear ; all that's left for Julia is despair.—But, why do I talk thus idly, and complain ? this may be the most fortunate incident for Leander. Absence will enable him to triumph over a passion fatal to the peace of his days. Reason will resume its empire over love, and you will forget a poor unfortunate, who hath nothing to offer but the most pure and ardent affection ; an affection in which consists all the happiness of her life.

Ah ! Julia, said I, forbear to speak a language so injurious to your charms and my sentiments. Can I cease to love you ?  
can



can I forget you?—Is it possible you should think me capable of such perfidy? I dread the misery of those days I shall pass at a distance from you. I shall constantly sigh for that happy moment when I shall return again to the object from which I am now so cruelly torn. Destiny will not always oppose the desires of our hearts—no, the happy time will come, when I may freely indulge my wishes. Ah! Julia, how fond should I be of life, if my days were to be spent with you! these were my last words: a post-chaise was waiting for me, and I was hurried into it rather dead than alive; leaving Julia in a situation easier to be imagined than described. A heart so susceptible as hers could not but feel very severely the shock of such a parting.

Having joined my regiment, I lived in the most recluse manner; books and the letters I received from Julia being my only amusement. Many people, and particularly those who have no idea of that delicacy of passion peculiar to susceptible minds, looked on me as a particular kind of man. To please such persons I should have devoted myself to their own looseness of man-

ners; you will easily conceive, therefore, I could well enough bear the want of their good opinion.

I had languished almost a year in the absence of Julia, when I received from her the following letter:

“ To risk one’s fortune, and even one’s  
 “ reputation, for the sake of a lover, is  
 “ what is seen every day; but to give up,  
 “ through an excess of passion, every thing  
 “ which that passion represents to us the  
 “ most flattering and agreeable; this is  
 “ what is seldom seen, and is a sacrifice  
 “ which may justly surprize you. I never  
 “ loved you more, nor think I can give  
 “ you better proofs of it, than by entering  
 “ into such engagements as must effectually  
 “ deprive me of the flattering hopes of  
 “ being one day yours. A reverse of fortune,  
 “ the resentment of your relations,  
 “ and public contempt, must have been  
 “ the necessary consequence of indulging  
 “ our unhappy passion. The sacrifice I  
 “ make, I confess, is very great; it has  
 “ cost me many a tear, and in the end,  
 “ perhaps, will cost my life; but a love so  
 “ excessive as mine thinks not of such consequences.

“ sequences. Endeavour to forget me ; it  
 “ is the only means to restore you to re-  
 “ pose—This is my advice. Good hea-  
 “ vens ! how have I resolution to pen it.

JULIA.”

How shall I represent to you my situa-  
 tion on reading this fatal letter ? I was  
 struck dumb with grief and amazement,  
 and only recovered from the consternation  
 it threw me into, to give myself up to the  
 most violent transports of rage and despair.  
 Is this, exclaimed I, the reward you re-  
 served for my love ? Ungrateful, perfidious  
 Julia ! think not, inconstant wretch ! I can  
 be made the dupe of your pretended gene-  
 rosity.—Unjust reproach ! forgive me, ami-  
 able Julia ! never was a heart like thine ! I  
 imagined her going to throw herself into  
 the arms of another ; but soon after found  
 she had buried herself within the walls of  
 a convent. There the constant endeavours  
 she used to suppress a passion she could not  
 overcome, had a fatal effect on the delicacy  
 of her constitution : the severity of her or-  
 der contributed also not a little to her de-  
 cline ; so that she fell into a languishing  
 illness, which in a short time put an end



to her life. I was long inconsolable for her death; but my grief insensibly decreased, and softened into that mournful and tender regard, which I shall ever retain for her memory. Disgusted at a passion which had caused me so great uneasiness, I formed a resolution carefully to avoid entering again into a similar engagement. But I saw Elvira, I loved her; it was impossible for me to do otherwise; but, doomed to be still unhappy, I found your heart engaged in favour of another.

Elvira had listened with extraordinary attention to the recital Leander had made of his former unsuccessful amour. The delicacy of his passion, and a constancy so uncommon in an age and country where sincere affection has so few friends, affected her with a pleasing surprize: she had formed the most agreeable prospect of being beloved by a man of such a disposition and turn of mind: she was moved at the fate of Julia, and her fine eyes swam in tears. What a favourable moment for love! Leander improved it; and, as before he possessed Elvira's esteem, he now became the object of her love.

In

In the mean time, Alcasto regretted the loss of the heart he had thrown away. A constant witness of the uninterrupted satisfaction of these susceptible lovers, he envied their happiness, which now appeared to him infinitely superior to those transitory pleasures his vanity procured him. He often wished for such an heart as his friend. But Leander himself soon experienced a change of circumstances; a proof that man is not born for constant happiness!

He had one day just left Elvira; never more charming, never more sensible to his, nor more expressive of her own passion: inexpressible indeed were the delights of that instant which preceded the moment of his receiving orders to leave, perhaps for ever, the place of Elvira's residence. What an order! Like a clap of thunder it filled his astonished ears. He returned immediately to inform his mistress; but the desponding Elvira had heard the afflicting news, and was in such a situation as the imagination only can paint. Are you then going? said she to Leander, with a languishing air, and in a tone of voice inexpressibly soft and tender; have you the resolution,

solution, the cruelty, to leave me? Ah! stay, if you would not destroy Elvira. Leander promised every thing: it had been inhuman, just at that crisis, to have done otherwise. But his honour was at stake; and love was compelled to give way. He left her; Alcasto, at the same time, seeing the despair of his friend, endeavoured to console him by all the means in his power. Why can you not do as I? said he: my pleasures, indeed, are less refined than yours, and I confess the susceptible mind capable of enjoying a thousand exquisite delights to which I am a stranger; but what chagrin, what regret, what pain does not so delicate a passion bring on the heart that entertains it? You now see an instance of it. Who then will covet pleasures one must purchase at so dear a rate? Leander acquiesced in the argument of his friend, and promised to strive to suppress the emotions of his too sensible heart. Elvira's inconstancy, of which he soon after heard, confirmed him in his resolution. But, after all, is it possible he should succeed? I doubt it; though, for the sake of his own ease,



ease, I wish it may be so, and that he may always bear in mind the following verse:

*Quand on est né trop tendre, on ne doit pas  
aimer.*

“ A heart too susceptible of love, should never encourage that dangerous passion.”

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## T H R E E F A B L E S,

By Dr. LANGHORNE.

### F A B L E I.

*The* S U N F L O W E R *and the* I V Y.

**A**S duteous to the place of prayer,  
Within the convent's lonely walls,  
The holy sisters still repair,  
What time the rosy morning calls.

So fair, each morn, so full of grace,  
Within their little garden reared,  
The flower of PHOEBUS turned her face  
To meet the POWER she loved and feared.

And

And where, along the rising sky,  
 Her God in brighter glory burned,  
 Still there her fond observant eye,  
 And there her golden breast she turned.

When calling from their weary height  
 On western waves his beams to rest,  
 Still there she fought the parting fight,  
 And there she turned her golden breast.

But soon as night's invidious shades  
 Afar his lovely looks had borne,  
 With folded leaves and drooping head,  
 Full sore she grieved, as one forlorn.

Such duty in a flower displayed  
 The holy sisters smiled to see,  
 Forgave the pagan rites it paid,  
 And loved its fond idolatry.

But painful still, though meant for kind,  
 The praise that falls on Envy's ear!  
 O'er the dim window's arch entwined,  
 The canker'd Ivy chanced to hear.

And " See, she cried, that spacious flower,  
 " Whose flattering bosom courts the sun,  
 " The pageant of a gilded hour,  
 " The convent's simple hearts hath won!

" Obse-

- “ Obsequious meanness! ever prone  
“ To watch the patron's turning eye!  
“ No will, no motion of its own!  
“ 'Tis this they love! for this they fight.
- “ Go, splendid sycophant! no more  
“ Display thy soft seductive arts!  
“ The flattering clime of courts explore,  
“ Nor spoil the convent's simple hearts.”
- “ To me their praise more justly due,  
“ Of longer bloom, and happier grace!  
“ Whom changing months unaltered view,  
“ And find them in my fond embrace.”
- “ How well,” the modest flower replied,  
“ Can ENVY's tutored eye elude  
“ The obvious bounds that still divide  
“ Foul FLATTERY from fair GRATITUDE.
- “ My duteous praise each hour I pay,  
“ For few the hours that I must live;  
“ And give to him my little day,  
“ Whose grace another day may give.”
- “ When low this golden form shall fall  
“ And spread with dust its parent plain;  
“ That dust shall hear his genial call,  
“ And rise, to glory rise again.  
“ To



“ To thee, my gracious power, to thee  
“ My love, my heart, my life are due!  
“ Thy goodness gave that life to be;  
“ Thy goodness shall that life renew.”

“ Ah me! one moment from thy fight,  
“ That thus my truant-eye should stray!  
“ The God of glory sets in night;  
“ His faithless flower has lost a day.”

Sore sighed the flower, and drooped her head;  
And sudden tears her breast bedewed:  
Consenting tears the sisters shed,  
And, wrapt in holy wonder, viewed.

With joy, with pious pride elate,  
“ Behold,” the aged abbess cries,  
“ An emblem of that happier fate  
“ Which heaven to all but us denies.”

“ Our hearts no fears but duteous fears,  
“ No charm but duty’s charm can move;  
“ We shed no tears but holy tears  
“ Of tender penitence and love.”

“ See there the flattering world pourtrayed  
“ In that dark look, that creeping pace!  
“ No flower can bear the Ivy’s shade;  
“ No tree support its cold embrace.”

“ The

" The oak that rears it from the ground,  
 " And bears its tendrils to the skies,  
 " Feels at his heart the rankling wound,  
 " And in its poisonous arms he dies."

Her moral thus the matron read,  
 Studious to teach her children dear,  
 And they by love, or duty led,  
 With pleasure heard, or seemed to hear.

Yet one less duteous, not less fair,  
 (In convents still the tale is known)  
 The fable heard with silent care,  
 But found a moral of her own.

The flower that smiled along the day,  
 And drooped in tears at evening's fall;  
 Too well she found her life display,  
 Too well her fatal lot recall.

The envious Ivy's gloomy shade,  
 That murdered what it most embraced  
 Too well that cruel scene conveyed  
 Which all her fairer hopes effaced.

Her heart with silent horror shook;  
 With sighs she sought her lonely cell:  
 To the dim light she cast *one* look;  
 And bade *once more* the world farewell.

FABLE

## F A B L E II.

*The VIOLET and the PANSY.*

**S**HEPHERD, if near thy artless breast  
 The god of fond desires repair;  
 Implore him for a gentle guest,  
 Implore him with unwearied prayer.

Should beauty's soul-enchanting smile,  
 Love-kindling looks, and features gay,  
 Should these thy wandering eye beguile,  
 And steal thy wareless heart away;

That heart shall soon with sorrow swell,  
 And soon the erring eye deplore,  
 If in the beauteous bosom dwell  
 No gentle virtue's genial store.

Far from his hive one summer-day,  
 A young and yet unpractised bee,  
 Borne on his tender wings away,  
 Went forth the flowery world to see.

The morn, the noon in play he passed,  
 But when the shades of evening came,  
 No parent brought the due repast,  
 And faintness seized his little frame.

By



By nature urged, by instinct led,  
 The bosom of a flower he sought,  
 Where streams mourned round a mossy bed,  
 And violets all the bank enwrought.

Of kindred race, but brighter dies,  
 On that fair bank a Pansy grew,  
 That borrowed from indulgent skies  
 A velvet shade and purple hue.

The tints that streamed with glossy gold,  
 The velvet shade, the purple hue,  
 The stranger wondered to behold,  
 And to its beauteous bosom flew.

Not fonder haste the lover speeds,  
 At evening's fall, his fair to meet,  
 When o'er the hardly-bending meads  
 He springs on more than mortal feet.

Nor glows his eye with brighter glee,  
 When stealing near her orient breast,  
 Than felt the fond enamoured bee,  
 When first the golden bloom he prest.

Ah! pity much his youth untried,  
 His heart in beauty's magic spell!  
 So never passion thee betide,  
 But where the genial virtues dwell.

In vain he seeks those virtues there ;  
No soul-sustaining charms abound :  
No honeyed sweetness to repair  
The languid waste of life is found.

An aged bee, whose labours led  
Thro' those fair springs, and meads of gold,  
His feeble wing, his drooping head  
Beheld, and pitied to behold.

“ Fly, fond adventurer, fly the art  
“ That courts thine eye with fair attire ;  
“ Who smiles to win the heedless heart,  
“ Will smile to see that heart expire.

“ This modest flower of humbler hue,  
“ That boasts no depth of glowing dyes,  
“ Arrayed in unbespangled blue,  
“ The simple cloathing of the skies—

“ This flower, with balmy sweetness blest,  
“ May yet thy languid life renew :”

He said, and to the Violet's breast  
The little vagrant faintly flew.

## F A B L E III.

## T H E

MISLETOE *and the* PASSION-FLOWER.

**I**N this dim cave a druid sleeps,  
 Where stops the passing gale to moan ;  
 The rock he hollowed o'er him weeps,  
 And cold drops wear the fretted stone.

In this dim cave, of diff'rent creed,  
 An hermit's holy ashes rest :  
 The school-boy finds the frequent bead,  
 Which many a formal matin blest.

That truant-time full well I know,  
 When here I brought, in stolen hour,  
 The druid's magic Mistletoe,  
 The holy hermit's Passion-flow'r.

The offerings on the mystic stone  
 Pensive I laid, in thought profound,  
 When from the cave a deep'ning groan  
 Issued, and froze me to the ground.

N

I hear



I hear it still—Dost thou not hear?  
 Does not thy haunted fancy start?  
 The sound still vibrates thro' mine ear—  
 The horror rushes on my heart.

Unlike to living sounds it came,  
 Unmix'd, unmelodized with breath;  
 But, grinding thro' some scrannel frame,  
 Creak'd from the bony lungs of death.

I hear it still—"Depart," it cries;  
 "No tribute bear to shades unblest:  
 "Know, here a bloody druid lies,  
 "Who was not nurs'd at Nature's breast.  
 "Associate he with dæmons dire,  
 "O'er human victims held the knife,  
 "And pleas'd to see the babe expire,  
 "Smil'd grimly o'er its quiv'ring life.  
 "Behold his crimson-streaming hand  
 "Erect!—his dark, fix'd, murderous eye!"  
 In the dim cave I saw him stand;  
 And my heart died--I felt it die.

I see him still---Dost thou not see  
 The haggard eye-ball's hollow glare?  
 And gleams of wild ferocity  
 Dart thro' the sable shade of hair?

What

What meagre form behind him moves,  
With eye that rues th' invading day;  
And wrinkled aspect wan, that proves  
The mind to pale remorse a prey?

What wretched — Hark — the voice replies,  
“ Boy, bear these idle honours hence!  
“ For, here a guilty hermit lies,  
“ Untrue to Nature, Virtue, Sense.

“ Tho' Nature lent him pow'rs to aid  
“ The moral cause, the mutual weal;  
“ Those pow'rs he sunk in this dim shade,  
“ The desperate suicide of zeal.

“ Go, teach the drone of faintly haunts,  
“ Whose cell's the sepulchre of time;  
“ Tho' many a holy hymn he chaunts,  
“ His life is one continued crime.

“ And bear them hence, the plant, the flow'r;  
“ No symbols those of systems vain!  
“ They have the duties of their hour;  
“ Some bird, some insect to sustain.”

## MATRIMONIAL SPIRIT.

**T**HE word spirit in matrimonial cases is understood to mean resentment; and in domestical bickerings, signifies (in plain English) that if my husband calls me names, I'll spit in his face; if he throws the china out of the window, I'll send the looking-glass after it; if he is extravagant abroad, I'll not be a saving fool at home; and as he keeps a wench, my cousin shall come and see me.

Revenge is sweet, it is said, and this may be a sweet revenge: but is revenge a proper habit for a lady to appear in? surely no;—tenderness, softness, mildness, are their characteristics; to those graces it is, we offer up our admiration; but when they relinquish those attractions, our respect ceases, and the power they had over us becomes forfeited. Is it not pity they should part with their prerogative, to indulge themselves in the basest of all the passions, revenge? nay, what is still more to be lamented, the quarrels between husband and wife



wife are mostly begun from trifles, and continued on each side, from that mistaken notion of keeping up a spirit, and end at last in irreparable misfortunes. These reflections were occasioned by the following epistle.

SIR,

“ One night being invited with my husband to a christening in the neighbourhood, he began to be vastly complaisant to a very homely woman who sat by him; it hurt me a little; but to shew him I had some spirit left, I immediately began to coquet it with a gentleman who was seated by me: my husband, I saw, was piqued at it; but I resolved not to give it up first; and we kept thus teasing one another throughout the evening. A party of pleasure was proposed next day to Richmond; my husband approved of it; I refused to make one: however, he and his Dulcinea went without me, and the gentleman with whom I had been over night rather too full of spirits, waited upon me next day to pay me a visit.

“ From my last night’s behaviour, he  
 “ began to be rather too familiar; but I  
 “ honestly discovered to him the reason  
 “ that I appeared so over night. This  
 “ made him be as ingenuous in his conver-  
 “ sation with me, and he confessed to me,  
 “ my husband was privy to his making me  
 “ this visit, and that he intended to keep  
 “ the lady he went out of town with all  
 “ night in such a bagnio, and that this  
 “ gentleman was sent here by my husband’s  
 “ scheme.---I was so shocked to think that  
 “ I should be used as a sort of tool in the  
 “ affair, as a screen only, that I was re-  
 “ solved to be revenged of my husband,  
 “ and promised the gentleman, if he would  
 “ carry me to where my husband and mis-  
 “ tress were to be at night, so that I  
 “ might detect them without being disco-  
 “ vered myself, he should see I would be-  
 “ have as a woman of spirit ought to do.

“ I saw my ungrateful wretch, and his  
 “ impudent creature together. I was con-  
 “ vinced.—I had indeed solemnly promised  
 “ my conductor, that I would not make  
 “ any outrage; and to shew him that I  
 “ could keep my word, and had a proper  
 “ spirit

“ spirit of resentment, I retired without  
 “ uttering even a single reproach.

“ I shall not mention any more of my  
 “ unhappy history, save this, that I made  
 “ shift in the morning to be at home two  
 “ hours before my husband; and from hav-  
 “ ing taken up a spirit of resentment, I  
 “ next acquired a spirit of dissembling. I  
 “ met him with a great deal of affected  
 “ ease; complained because he had staid  
 “ out so late, and from that time, from  
 “ his answers, began heartily to despise  
 “ him.

“ We soon parted beds; and from one  
 “ piece of resentment proceeding to ano-  
 “ ther, we at last agreed upon a total se-  
 “ paration; and now, from living in all  
 “ the splendor that one of the wealthiest  
 “ citizen's wives could be maintained in, I  
 “ am forced nightly to seek my bread in  
 “ the most despicable of all occupations.  
 “ My gallant was obliged to ship himself  
 “ as a soldier for the West Indies; my hus-  
 “ band is a common porter now in a mar-  
 “ ket, and our three fine children all died  
 “ in the workhouse; and all this happened  
 “ because I would shew a proper spirit.”

CHA-



# C H A R A C T E R OF A R E L I G I O U S M A N.

*A Picture from real Life.*

**I**N the closet he does not fail of offering up his daily prayers to his heavenly Father in secret, who he is assured will hereafter reward him openly, to implore such a measure of his blessed free grace, and the assistance of his holy Spirit, as will enable him to perform his duty with truth and sincerity.

View him in his public devotions, you'll behold him attentive and devout; (not gazing about to see and be seen, as is too often the case, but) hearty in his prayers, sincere in his acknowledgments, and joyful in his praises.

Among his family you will find him chearful and good-natured, affable and obliging, as far as he is able; always endeavouring to promote harmony and good will.

In his charity to the distressed among his fellow-creatures, he is liberal to the extent  
of

of his abilities; not grudgingly or of necessity, knowing that God loveth a cheerful giver; feeling with a tender concern the misfortunes of others; making a proper distinction between the true objects of compassion and the undeserving, and bestowing his bounty in such a manner as almost doubles its value; convinced that our blessed Saviour has declared, he will look upon such acts of benevolence and humanity as offices done to himself, and will reward them accordingly.

In the business or employment of his station in life, he is found to be diligent and obliging; honest in his dealings; punctual in the performance of his engagements; and faithful in his promises: not forgetting the golden rule of Christianity, to do as he would be done by.

See him abroad in company, he is sociable and pleasant; candid in his opinion, modest in his discourse; and if opportunity offers, prudently endeavouring, by the most engaging motives, to recommend the practice of virtue and religion.

Attend him in his diversions, you'll find him wise in his choice of such as are innocent

cent in themselves, and hurtful to none; satisfied with a moderate enjoyment of them; partaking of them at proper times and seasons; and always making them subservient to their proper end, recreation and delight.---Now such, I presume, as can prevail upon themselves to make their conduct and behaviour in life sincerely answerable to the above-mentioned description of a good man, will enjoy that greatest of blessings, a safe and quiet conscience: their spirits will be calm and easy; they will possess that inward tranquility and peace of mind, that joy and gladness of heart, which the faithful practice of true religion affords. And lastly, this, at the hour of death, will support them with the lively hopes and cheering expectations of their approaching happiness; when they will receive that delightful invitation, "Well done good and faithful servants, enter ye into the joy of your Lord."

CHA-



# CHARACTER OF A GOOD WOMAN.

*A Companion to the former.*

**H**ER temper is sweet and engaging; she is affable and good-natured to all: her conversation is entertaining and instructive; her disposition lively and pleasing; and her manners attractive and becoming. Her good sense is shewn in the employment of her time, which is not idly and shamefully squandered away in gossiping about from house to house, in order to know her neighbour's affairs, and thereby making good the old proverb, that "A fool knows better what is done at his neighbour's house than his own"; which, I am sorry to observe, is the prevailing humour of too many now a-days, even of those to whose duty and profession it belongs to teach and instruct others; but, on the contrary, she prudently spends the hours which providence has given for improvement, and not for waste, in paying an attentive and proper regard to those domestic concerns of life,

life, which are more particularly the business of a woman, and in which respect she is extremely notable; and likewise in edifying her immortal soul, and preparing for another world: indeed, no person can be more zealous and active in exercising the moral duties of justice, humanity, and brotherly love; which exactly coincides with another circumstance, I must not omit to mention, and that is, her readiness to embrace every opportunity of exerting the utmost of her power to heal any divisions, and make up any such differences as happen among the large circle of her acquaintance; in which she has the peculiar felicity in general to succeed according to her friendly wishes and good intentions. A truly Christian behaviour this! What happiness might result to society, if every one, in their respective station of life, would sincerely endeavour to do the same!—Her mind is adorned with every amiable and virtuous quality, that can give her a true taste and relish for any happiness or enjoyments this world is able to afford; and her person is embellished with every grace and accomplishment, that is capable of making her an

an ornament to her sex.—Her exemplary piety to God, and her extensive charity to the distressed among her fellow-creatures, shine forth conspicuous: she has often, (in the true sense of the phrase) caused the widow's heart to sing for joy: and if one may judge from the thankful acknowledgments which the noble principle of gratitude has taught those to make, on whom she has conferred her bounty, it is not unreasonable to believe, that the united prayers of many poor orphans, and indigent families have ascended to heaven on her behalf.—Her love and esteem for her husband are evident; she shews the greatest willingness and desire to please and oblige him on all occasions: her care and tenderness of her children are remarkable in many instances needless to mention; and her sincerity, faithfulness, and complacence to her friends, are very visible to any one not totally divested of understanding. She is highly beloved by her family; almost adored by her servants, and greatly esteemed and respected by all who have the happiness of her acquaintance. This amiable lady, whom it would give me particular pleasure to

to



to name, enjoys the blessings of a smiling providence, joined to all the solid comforts of a safe and quiet conscience. Surely therefore such a character is infinitely more pleasing and desirable, than the affected behaviour of the haughty coquette, the trifling actions of the flattering court-attendant, or the supercilious disposition of the overbearing peers, which are not unfrequently united to compose a single character.

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THE  
**PELICAN *and the* SPIDER.**

A FABLE for the LADIES.

**T**HE sphere of mild, domestic life,  
 A daughter, mother, mistress, wife,  
 Who fills approv'd, shall live in story,  
 And gain the height of female glory.

To you,—believe an honest song—  
 The *charities* of life belong;  
 Those gentler offices, that bind  
 The social ties of human-kind:  
 All praises, but for these, decry;  
 And fame is blasting infamy.

But

But chief, o'er all, ye wiser fair,  
 The MOTHER's sacred charge revere.—  
 Pure, heart-ennobling, blest employ!  
 Which saints and angels lean with joy  
 To view from heaven;—which can dispense  
 O'er all the soul their own benevolence.

Hail, holy task!—'Tis thine t' impart  
 More virtues to the melting heart:—  
 Such heights of moral grace to reach,  
 As proud philosophy could never teach.

Maternal love!—The iron-soul'd  
 Melt at thy touch; the coward, bold  
 Become at once;—thro' rocks will force;—  
 Nor flood, nor fire can stop their course;—  
 Will brave the Libyan lion wild,  
 Should danger threat the favourite child.

Is there, whom fashion, pride, or pleasure,  
 Tempts to forget the living treasure?—  
 Who to her own indulgence grants  
 That care, or cost, her infant wants?  
 What wonder should the sage insist  
 She yields in *storgè*\* to a beast,  
 The good abhor, the wits deride her,  
 And read her history in the SPIDER?—  
 Who trusts her nursing to another,  
 A parent she;—but not a mother.

\* Natural love and affection.

Beneath a venerable shade,  
 The pious PELICAN had made  
 Her humble nest;—with rapture there  
 Incessant ply'd the mother's care.  
 From night to morn, from morn to night,  
 Not more her duty, than delight,  
 To watch the tender, chirping brood,  
 Protect them, and provide their food.  
 At dewy eve, at morning's spring,  
 Soft canopy'd beneath her wing  
 They slept secure;—Herself sustains,  
 Patient, the cold, and drenching rains,  
 Nor felt, nor fear'd the furious storm,  
 Her callow nestlings dry and warm.  
 Whate'er her early search supplies,  
 Deny'd her own necessities,  
 She gave her young, and proved from thence  
 The luxury of abstinence.  
 In vain the concert in the grove,  
 In vain the wing'd assembly strove  
 To tempt her from the nursery's care,  
 Her music and her mirth were there.

Thus liv'd she, till one fatal day,  
 Doom'd all her virtues to display,  
 What time the morning's wish'd supply  
 Eludes her utmost industry.

She



She fish'd the brook;—she div'd the main,  
 Search'd hill and dale, and wood in vain;  
 Not one poor grain the world affords,  
 To feed her helpless hungry birds.  
 What should she do?—Ah! see they faint;—  
 With unavailing, weak complaint,  
 These dearer than her vital breath,  
 Resign to famine's lingering death?  
 The thought was frenzy.—No;—she press'd  
 Her sharp beak on her own kind breast,  
 With cruel piety, and fed  
 Her wondering infants as she bled.

“Accept, she cry'd, dear, pretty crew!  
 “This sacrifice to love and you.”

“Mad fool, forbear,” exclaim'd a SPIDER,  
 That indolently loung'd beside her;  
 “This horrid act of thine evinces  
 “Your ignorance of courts and princes.  
 “Lord, what a creature!—tear thy neck fast  
 “To give thy peevish brats a breakfast!  
 “Hadst thou among the great resided,  
 “And mark'd their manners well, as I did,—  
 “The mother's milk, much less her blood,  
 “Is ne'er the well-born infant's food.  
 “Why there's my lady OSTRICH now,  
 “Who visits in the vale below,

○

“Knows

" Knows all the fashion on this head :  
 " Soon as her la'ship's brought to-bed,  
 " She, else the birth would prove her curse—  
 " Gives it the elements to nurse.  
 " 'Tis true, some accident may hurt it,  
 " Its limbs be broken, and distorted,  
 " Admit there's chance it does not live—  
 " Pleasure is our prerogative.  
 " And brooms and brushes be my ruin!  
 " Ere in my nest I'd sit a stewing—  
 " Or, for my duty's sake, forsooth,  
 " To nursing sacrifice my youth;—  
 " Ere let my brats my flesh devour,  
 " I'd eat them up a score an hour."

Foul fiend—the lovely martyr cry'd,  
 Avaunt! thy horrid person hide;  
 Folly and vice thy soul disgrace,  
 'Twas these, not Pallas, spoil'd thy face,  
 And sunk thee to the reptile race.

Yes, thine own bowels hung thee there—  
 A felon out of nature's care—  
 'Twixt heaven and earth, abhorr'd of both,  
 Emblem of selfishness and sloth.

Ye *Coterieans*! who profess  
 No business but to dance and dress,  
*Pantheists*! who no God adore,  
 Housewives, that stay at home no more,

Wives

Wives without husbands, mothers too,  
 Whom your own children never knew,  
 Who less the blessed sun esteem  
 Than lamps' and tapers' greasy gleam;  
 Ye morning gamesters, walkers, riders,  
 Say, are you PELICANS or SPIDERS?

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THE  
 T W O L A M P S.  
 A F A B L E.

**E**RE yet hypocrisy and art  
 Have wrap'd in treble brags the heart—  
 The natural intercourse supprest,  
 Between the countenance and breast;  
 Each motion of the mind we trace,  
 By her interpreter, the face.

Rage, envy, malice, 'tis agreed,  
 Are passions he that runs may read;  
 These on the passive forehead make  
 Impressions that we can't mistake,  
 Changing the human face divine,  
 A NERO for an ANTONINE.

These warn the parent to commence,  
 With the first orient dawn of sense,



The work of beauty : now begin  
 To sow the seeds of *grace* within,  
 While, guiltless of a weed, the soil  
 With all its powers may bless your toil.

First *filial piety* impart,  
 With *gratitude* inform their heart,  
 And *love* for you ; these rooted there  
 Shall bloom o'er all their face and air :—  
 The features melt, and each be deckt  
 With lovely meekness and respect.

Let *pity* be an early theme ;  
 Ah ! teach the decent tear to stream  
 For other's woe : a *selfish* mind  
 The whole hard countenance will bind,  
 And petrify—a sullen gloom  
 Spreading o'er nature's fairest bloom,—  
 The eye sinks dead, the cold blood streaks,  
 Ineloquent, the frozen cheeks.  
 But let *benevolence* controul,  
 Dilate, and dignify the soul,  
 The face, illumin'd by the mind,  
 (Angels are fair because they're kind)  
 With ever-varying grace is found  
 To beam light, life, and love around.  
 It tunes the voice, and every tone  
 Is Philomela's warbled moan.

Soon

Soon as fair *friendship's* holy spell  
Has taught the little heart to swell,  
To every feature 'twill supply  
A corresponding harmony,—  
Cast the whole countenance a-new,  
Tho' softening, yet ennobling too.

But chief, *devotion's* hallow'd duties  
Must crown and beautify their beauties :  
Hence, redolent of joy serene,  
*Divine love's* elevated mien ;  
Hence peace and genuine honour spread  
Their blended glories round the head ;  
Hence the meek eye with hope replete,  
Yet beaming with a seraph's heat ;  
Th' Elysian glow, and every grace  
Thron'd in the true *Madonna* face.

'Twas at a *miser's* cold abode,  
Two *chrystal urns* survey'd the road ;  
This shone (while that was void and damp)  
Conscious of oil and fire—a LAMP.  
For shew he plac'd them nothing loath,  
But ah ! th' expence to light them both,  
He saw by calculation clear,  
At this per day was that per year.

The *beamless* vase, when night prevail'd,  
Her unimportance thus bewail'd :

Too partial fate! why doom to me  
 This odious, dull obscurity?  
 Here many a tedious night I've hung,  
 Nor blest'd by old, nor prais'd by young,  
 To me scarce one kind glance is given;  
 While like the moon, that lamp of heaven,  
 My sister of congenial glass,  
 Wins all the hearts of all that pass.  
 Suppose her station they revere,  
 I boast the same exalted sphere;  
 Do they with awe her crown behold,  
 Her dress of blue, distinct with gold?  
 These gave her not superior fame,  
 Her ornaments and mine the same.  
 'Tis not her easy shape and air,  
 Her swelling bosom heavenly-clear  
 Her smother polish, brighter hue;  
 No; for in these we're hardly two.

Yet while she sits triumphant by,  
 The *Cynosure* \* of every eye,  
 I'm seen, if seen, with scorn alone,  
 May fall unmiss'd, or stand unknown.  
 Speak, dotards! speak, the difference shew,  
 Or own caprice rules all below.

\* The north star, by which sailors steer their ships.

Sister,



Sister, forbear, the other cry'd,  
 To tell the world you're mortify'd.  
 Envy no votaries shall gain,  
 It scarce has pity for its pain.

'Tis not indeed my fairer frame,—  
 No native excellence I claim;  
 'Tis not my body's happier mould,  
 More polish'd, pure, or rich with gold:  
 In these one character's our due,  
 You fair as I, I frail as you.  
 And yet while you neglected sit,  
 Or but the theme of taunting wit,  
 I fix the traveller's ardent gaze,  
 Have all his blessing, all his praise.

What can this different treatment win?  
 Sure, sister, 'tis THE LIGHT WITHIN.

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## THE PARISH CLERK.

**L**ET courtly bards in polish'd phrase endite  
 Soft madrigals to celebrate the fair;  
 Or paint the splendor of a birth-day night,  
 Where peers and dames in shining robes  
 appear:

The task be mine neglected worth to praise,  
 Alas! too often found in these degen'rate days.

O gentle

O gentle Shenstone! could the self-taught muse,  
 Who joys like thine, in rural shades to stray,  
 Could she, like thine, while she her theme  
 pursues,

With native beauty deck the pleasing lay;  
 Then should the humble Clerk of Barton-Dean  
 An equal meed of praise with thy *School-mistress*  
 gain.

Ent'ring the village in a deep-worn way,  
 Hard by an aged oak his dwelling stands;  
 The lowly roof is thatch, the walls are clay;  
 All rudely rais'd by his forefathers' hands:  
 Observe the homely hut as you pass by,  
 And pity the good man that lives so wretchedly.

Around his bending shoulders graceful flow  
 His curling silver locks, the growth of years;  
 Supported by a staff he walketh slow,

And simple neatness in his mien appears:  
 And ev'ry neighbour that perchance he meets,  
 Or young or old be they, with courtesy he greets.

A goodly sight, I wot, it were to view  
 The decent Parish Clerk on Sabbath-day,  
 Seated, beneath the curate, in his pew,  
 Or, kneeling down with lifted hands to pray,  
 And

And ever and anon, at close of pray'r,  
He answereth, Amen! with solemn air!

Such times an ancient suit of black he wears,  
Which from the curate's wardrobe did descend;

Love to his clerk the pious curate bears,  
Pities his wants, and wisheth to befriend:  
But what, alas! can slender sal'ry do,  
Encumber'd by a wife, and children not a few?

At Christmas-tide, when ev'ry yeoman's hall  
With ancient hospitality is blest,  
Kind invitations he accepts from all,  
To share the plenteous, mirth-abounding  
feast;

The Christmas-feast imperfect would appear,  
Except their good old guest the Parish Clerk  
was there.

Then, when the mellow beer goes gaily round,  
And curls of smoke from lighted pipes aspire,  
When chearful carols thro' the room resound,  
And crackling logs augment the blazing fire,  
His honest heart with social joy o'erflows,  
And many a merry tale he on his friends be-  
stows.

When,



When, smit with mutual love, the youth and  
maid

To weave the sacred nuptial knot agree,  
Pleas'd he attends, to lend his useful aid,

And see the rites perform'd with decency :  
He gives the bride, and joins their trembling  
hands [stands.

While with the service-book the curate gravely

O, time relentless! foe to ev'ry joy!

How all declines beneath thy iron reign!

Once could our clerk to sweetest melody

Attune the harp, and charm the list'ning  
plain;

Or with his mellow voice the psalm could raise,  
And fill the echoing choir with notes of sacred  
praise.

But now, alas! his ev'ry power decays,

His voice grows hoarse, long toil has cramp'd  
his hands,

No more he fills the echoing choir with  
praise,

No more to melody the harp commands;

Sadly he mourns the dullness of his ear,

And when a master plays, he presses close to  
hear.

Late

Late o'er the plain, by chance or fancy led,  
 The pensive swain who does his annals write,  
 Him in his humble cottage visited,

And learn'd his story with sincere delight;  
 For chiefly of himself his converse ran,  
 As mem'ry well supply'd the narrative old man.

His youthful feats with guiltless pride he told,  
 In rural games what honour erst he won;  
 How on the green he threw the wrestlers bold;  
 How light he leap'd, and O! how swift he run.  
 Then, with a sigh, he fondly turn'd his praise  
 To rivals now no more, and friends of former  
 days.

At length concluding with reflections deep;

“ Alas, of life few comforts now remain!  
 “ Of what I was I but the vestige keep,  
 “ Impair'd by grief, by penury, and pain.  
 “ Yet let me not arraign just heav'n's decree;  
 “ The lot of human kind, as man, belongs  
 to me.

“ Beneath yon aged yew-tree's solemn shade,  
 “ Whose twisted roots above the greensward  
 creep;

“ There, freed from toils, my pious father laid,  
 “ Enjoys a silent, unmolested sleep:

“ And

" And there my only son,---with HIM I gave  
 " All comfort of my age untimely to the grave.  
 " In that sweet earth, when nature's debt is  
   paid,  
 " And leaving life, I leave its load of woes,  
 " My neighbours kind, I trust, will see me laid,  
 " In humble hope of mercy, to repose :  
 " Evil and few, the patriarch mourn'd his days,  
 " Nor shall a man presume to vindicate his  
   ways."

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A

## SUMMER'S MORNING.

**N**OW from the bed where Morpheus, gen-  
 tle god,  
 Drew round my shaded eyes his curtain soft,  
 Full early let me spring,  
 And offer up with thanks  
 The fervent incense of a grateful heart,  
 To him who sees the secrets of my breast.  
 Then let me roam a-field  
 And climb the eastern hill,  
 Where Health awaits me, walking to and fro  
 With nimble foot—And see! she waves her wand:  
I come



I-come with chearful soul,  
 O mountain nymph, I come.  
 Thanks to thee, goddess. Thou hast touch'd  
     my cheek,  
 And substituted a carnation there,  
     Which once was ficklied o'er  
     With hue, as primrose pale:  
 But now it glows with animated warmth,  
 'Till by degrees it blushes to a rose.  
     As yet 'tis silence all,  
     Save where Aurora's bird  
 Awakes the slumb'ring peasant to his toil,  
 And bids good-morrow to the rising sun.  
     The rising sun puts on  
     His dazzling robe of gold,  
 And from celestial chambers issuing forth,  
 Comes clad in glory, dancing all abroad.  
     Before him fly the clouds,  
     Astonish'd at his pow'r,  
 And from the bosom of the smiling mead,  
 Ascend the vapours, where all night they  
     slept,  
     In chill stagnation wrapt,  
     And shiv'ring ague-dreams.  
 Now spangled o'er with drops of chrystal  
     dew,  
 Shines ev'ry tree-top, ev'ry verdant bush:  
                                     Now

Now springs the herald lark  
 And flutters up the air,  
 Proclaims with gladness the return of light,  
 And calls up all his fellows of the wing.

His fellows of the wing  
 Awake, and join the song,  
 From warbling linnet, and melodious thrush,  
 Down to the sparrow chirping on the spray,  
 Down to the twit'ling finch,  
 And emulative wren.

But hark! the farmers whistle to their teams,  
 And yelping curs disturb attention's ear.

The multitude are up,  
 And noisy hurry reigns.

The sons of labour ply their restless tools.  
 One undistinguishable sound prevails  
 And scorching Phœbus flames  
 Intolerable day.

Sweet morn adieu! farewell thine early kifs,  
 Thy pleasing, odorif'rous gales farewell!

'Till once more I have paid  
 My mattins to my God.

**T H E**

# THE HOURS of CONSEQUENCE;

O R,

## PROGRESSIVE DECEPTION.

**T**HE helper in the stable gets up at six o'clock in the morning, and cleans the footman's shoes; "There, (says he) "no man in England gives a better gloss "than myself." He then presents them in a most obsequious manner to the footman, who, being thus waited upon, begins to strut, and fancy himself a man of very great consequence.-----But, alas! seven o'clock arrives, and Mr. Skip begins to find himself mistaken in his notions; for a call obliges him to wait upon my lord's gentleman, who being thus superciliously attended, erects his crest, and has the impudence to plume himself upon his importance, and continues in a very sublime humour till ten o'clock, when his lordship, rising upon the stilts of honour, by the trifling tinkling of a little bell, makes him understand his real estimation.---At eleven o'clock his lord-



lordship attends the levee of the prime minister, whom he finds humming an opera tune over the affairs of the nation, and cringes as low to the man in office, as his own domestics did before to him.—At twelve o'clock the minister himself attends the king, and eyes his looks, as if his life depended on his transient frowns and smiles; and yet each individual of these, during his fit of pride, has the impudence to suppose himself one of the most important and consequential beings in nature.

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A N

## ESSAY on WEDLOCK.

**A**S I have a just honour for the truly rational and virtuous state of matrimony, which, to consider it merely as a political institution, I look upon to be the best scheme for morals, posterity, and mutual happiness, that could possibly be contrived; I shall, by way of comparison, between a married and a libertine life, shew the advantages that a mistress has over a wife;

wife; not with the least design of giving a preference to the former, but by way of assisting the latter to frame certain rules for her own conduct.

Men have been often said to be fonder, and more under the influence of Mistresses than of Wives; and in general, I believe this observation true, for the following reasons :

They are apt to flatter themselves that women seldom sacrifice their chastity, except to Love alone; and so become the fond dupes to their own too credulous vanity.

The lover's stay is short, he leaves his mistress with regret, which urges a quick return.

Their whole time is passed in meeting and parting intervals; the tenderest moments of a lover's life.

She fond, and he grateful; mutually conferring and receiving favours, the strongest cement of endearing affections.

No joint property or common interest between them, from whence domestic strife too often arises.

The part a Mistress has to act is short, so that less merit and address may enable

P

her

her to perform it with applause: the Mistress exhibits herself only on the stage, the Wife is seen in the *Green Room*.

She adjusts her dress, looks, and behaviour, for the appointed hour: a watch may go very well for an evening, that might lose time in the whole day.

A Mistress lessens her power as she approaches to a Wife. A person once told me, that he had quitted one, whom he was even then fond of, because she became so interfering and domineering, that he began to find no difference between her and a Wife --- *except the sin of fornication*.

In short, the œconomy of Matrimony on the Wife's part, should be to imitate the manners of a Mistress, in order to preserve her empire. A friend of mine, speaking to me one day about his Wife, assured me that she was so unlike one, in every particular, save œconomy and modesty, that if a law should happen to be framed to abolish marriage, he would court her again for a Mistress.

On the other hand, Husbands should be also careful to keep up a spirit of gallantry toward their Wives, in order to preserve,  
on



on both sides, that elegant band of union, politeness and fond sensations. They should avoid that careless and slovenly air, which men are too apt to indulge themselves in after marriage; they should even dress for them with as much attention as when they were lovers, *comis in uxorem*; for Chastity is no preservative against Disgust, and tho' Virtue alone may insure a Wife's Fidelity, it must be the Husband's merit that can retain her affections. How unspirited, how indelicate an obligation is duty sole!

The ancient Romans had so refined a sentiment, with regard to this point, that they interdicted donations of estates between Man and Wife, in order to prevent their affections from degenerating into obligation, or being biaſſed by less free and generous principles than mutual tenderness and præcordial sympathy.

Surely, a Wife is an object worthy of *les petits soins*, as well as of the greater duties; and it is by these *lesser assiduities*, a constant attention, and little offices, though all trifling in themselves, that a sincere passion manifests itself more than by the highest acts of liberality and kindness; for Love,

contrary to every other passion, shews itself more in small things than in great ones.

Whenever persons begin to betray indifference toward these lesser cares, one may venture to pronounce that their tenderness will not long survive; for this delicate sentiment, like Chastity, is forfeited totally by the first slip: it is a religion, a failure in the slightest branch is a breach of the whole: and injured in the most distant part, like Achilles wounded in the heel, it languishes—it expires.

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## O N E I N S T A N C E O F A M A N ' s B E I N G H O N E S T .

SOME time since, a country gentleman of good understanding, but a little antiquated in his dress and deportment, walked into the quadrangle of a college, in one of our famous universities, to view the building. His uncouth garb drew round him several of the young students, who, as they are too apt to misplace their wit,

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as well as their time and money, began to banter, or, which is a more fashionable word, to humbug the good old gentleman, on account of his dress.

This was observed by a young student, reading at one of the windows, who perceiving that the poor old gentleman was greatly embarrassed, came down to his relief. He rallied his brother students sufficiently, yet in a manner, and with a grace, that bespoke the man of sense and politeness. He told them, their behaviour was base, rude, and ungenerous, mean, and unmanly; that he was ashamed any of his associates should be so remarkably depraved; that if they considered themselves as scholars and gentlemen, they should act consistently with that character, but if they preferred the name of buffoon to that of a fine gentleman, they had better change their garb, and barter the gown for a coat of many colours. At this they all departed, and most of them with seeming concern; for virtue will ever be secretly esteemed and admired, even by the most abandoned. After they were dispersed, Leontine (for that was the young gentleman's name) took the



stranger by the hand, desired that he would refresh himself with a glass of wine, and at the same time begged of him not to take any bad impression of that university, from the rude sample he had received. The good old gentleman, without hesitation, accepted of the favour; and after he was sufficiently refreshed, Leontine shewed him every thing that was worthy his notice in the university. By the observations and reflections which Arcasto made (for so we shall call the old gentleman) Leontine found that he was a man of exquisite taste and judgment, and of a chearful disposition. What he had of the old man in him appeared rather as a foil to set off his other excellent qualities; and notwithstanding the great disparity in their age, Leontine thought himself happy in his acquaintance. As the town was at that time very full, and the accommodations at the inn but indifferent, Leontine entreated Arcasto to make use of his apartment, during his stay at the university; assuring him at the same time, that it would be no inconvenience, for that he had the liberty of another gentleman's room, who was absent. Little ceremony should

should be used between gentlemen of sense and learning. The business of politeness is to render us agreeable, not troublesome; and therefore Arcasto, after some little hesitation, thankfully accepted the favour. When he left the university he embraced Leontine, and gave him a strong invitation to his country seat, which request was soon after repeated by a letter, attended with a considerable present. Leontine, the next vacation, returned the old gentleman's visit, and was received with all the tender tokens of friendship and esteem. At his first entrance he was struck with the splendor and magnificence of the house, the furniture, and the attendants, and had the pleasure to find that his friend was a man of much greater consequence than he imagined. After the old gentleman had talked some time to Leontine, and given him several affectionate looks, and friendly shakes of the hand, he introduced him to his daughter, who was indeed a beauty inferior to none in that country. After dinner they took a turn in the garden, where Leontine was surpris'd to see how the dædal hand of nature was improved by the aid of art. That

every thing might wear the face of nature, all exotics were excluded, to make room for plants of our own growth. The thorn, the hazel, and even the bramble, had a place among the rest. There was a delightful and just irregularity in the trees, some whereof tower'd their tops to the clouds, while others humbly submitted to their superiors, and bowed themselves beneath their branches. His statues were not placed at the extremity of an avenue, or to terminate a walk, but hid themselves among the trees and the underwoods. Thus, by endeavouring, as it were, to conceal his riches, Arcaſto made every thing more agreeable, and more ſuperb and grand. Through theſe trees, loaded with pippins and pears, you might ſee Pomona. Flora had hid herſelf in a large buſh of roſes, jeſſamin, and honeysuckles; ſurrounded with tulips, pinks, and carnations; Sylvanus was retired into a thicket of trees. Diana, out of regard to her chaſtity, was cloathed ſo thick you could hardly ſee her; and Bacchus was rejoicing under a vine.

In the middle of the garden was a ſort of wilderneſs, or thicket of trees and ſhrubs;



shrubs; where Arcasto, at the request of his daughter, (who was his only child) had erected a little hovel, in form of a ruined cottage. The inside of it was cieled with moss, and the outside over-run with a thick ivy, that afforded a safe asylum for the birds, especially the smaller sort, which were seen in great numbers, and were the only inhabitants of the place, except the young lady, Miss Clara, who spent great part of her time with them; and had, by frequent feeding them, taught them to hop round her like so many tame doves. Kindness and constancy will tame the fiercest animals; and 'tis perhaps owing to our cruelty, that we are abandoned by those agreeable companions. While Leontine was admiring the rusticity of the hovel, and the harmony of the birds, Clara reached an ivory flagellet, and played several short tunes, which, to Leontine's great surprize, were repeated by some bullfinches, and imitated by other birds. 'Twas impossible to enter this retired place without being charmed, and especially with the divine Clara, who had the art of making every thing surpassingly agreeable. Leontine,

tine, the moment he saw her, was struck with admiration, which, by Clara's good sense, and engaging behaviour, was soon converted into a violent flame; which, however, he concealed, till he had reason to believe, from the manner in which she entertained him, and her behaviour, that she herself was in the same situation. There are certain indelible characters in every face, which, when compared with the actions of the party, will to a nicety discover the sentiments of the heart: for, as a certain great general and politician observes, 'tis much easier for a man to command a large army, than the muscles of his own face; and a lady of Clara's good sense must undoubtedly have drawn the same conclusion of her lover. Leontine's honour, and the friendship he bore to her father, would not permit him to make any advances without his consent, which he endeavoured to ask, but was still intimidated by the inequality of their fortunes. A man of sense is never so much at a loss for words as in matters of love. Arcasto, however, was a gentleman of too much good sense and penetration, not to perceive from his manner, and the

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interruptions in his discourse, that something of this sort was labouring in his breast; and, to relieve him from the perplexity, and save him the pain of a blush, the old gentleman asked him, if any thing he was possessed of could make him happier? and generously bid him speak, without fear or ceremony. Leontine immediately unbosomed himself; and good old Arcasto, without making any reply, led him by the hand to Clara, who was then in the garden, and saluting her, said, " My dear child, this is  
 " the only gentleman in the world to whom  
 " I am ambitious of being related; and  
 " if you can approve of him for a husband,  
 " 'twill greatly add to my felicity;" and then turning short, left them together.

The manner of Arcasto's making this proposal to his daughter, (though it proceeded from candour and generosity, and was the overflowings of his friendship and good-nature) gave Clara some reason to apprehend, that this courtship was concerted between her father and Leontine at their last interview; and that the passion the young gentleman expressed for her might not arise so much from a considera-  
 tion



tion of her personal merit, as her plentiful fortune. She was therefore determined to be satisfied in this point, before she gave Leontine any hopes of success; and, as they walked together in the garden, she made no reply to any thing he said for near an hour: and before they left the garden, as he earnestly entreated to know the cause of her grief, she fell upon her knees, and begged of him, if he had the least regard for her future welfare, to forbear any farther solicitations; adding withal, that this refusal did not proceed from any dislike she had to his person or character, but was in consequence of her being previously engaged, unknown to her father, to a young gentleman who had been visiting in that neighbourhood, and was then in London. This was the severest shock Leontine had ever felt. He stood motionless for some time, and was unable to make any reply. At last, collecting all his spirits, and sentiments of honour and generosity, he with tears told her, that whatever his fate might be, his love for her, and his friendship for her good father, would not permit him to attempt any thing that might give her a  
mo-

moment's uneasiness; and that he would not only decline his own suit, but endeavour to obtain her father's consent for her to marry the man to whom she was so solemnly engaged. From this time Leontine grew very pensive and melancholy, but did not forget his promise to Clara; and having obtained her father's consent for her to marry the person she mentioned, he one evening gave it her in the garden, assuring her at the same time, that he therewith surrendered his peace, and every thing that was dear and valuable to him on earth; and after he had embraced her, retired with precipitation. Clara, tho' she perceived him trembling and cold at the time he left her, took t'other turn in the garden, to enjoy this ill-timed artifice; for she was under no engagement to any one, but, on the contrary, was deeply enamoured with Leontine, was determined to marry him, and only made use of this artifice, as I have already observed, to try his affection. She enjoyed this the more, as it raised him in her esteem, and convinced her of his truth and fidelity. But while she was thus heaping up happiness to herself, her father called to know what had been done, that Leontine should  
himself

himself take his horse out of the stable, and ride away, even after it was dark, without so much as taking leave of him, or speaking to any of the family. Hence all the woman was alarmed: her piles of promised joy and pleasure vanished, and her whole thoughts were now employed for the recovery of the lost Leontine! To her father she discovered the whole affair, who was greatly enraged at her indiscretion, and much affected at the loss of his friend. Messengers were sent to all the places in the neighbourhood where they knew he was acquainted, and another dispatched to the university. Her fears were yet more encreased and multiplied by a violent tempest which then arose, of the most terrible thunder and lightning, attended with both hail and rain, and which she supposed would overtake him before he could possibly get over the plains. The quarrel between her father and she had rendered a separate apartment necessary: there she remained inconsolable till the messenger returned, without any tidings of Leontine, and then hysterics confined her to her bed. This brought on a reconciliation with good old Arcasto, who seeing his daughter so ill, would not leave her



her day nor night, and impatiently waited to hear from Leontine. After they had remained in this perplexed and miserable state near a fortnight, a gentleman's servant came one morning, just as they had raised the poor lady to give her a jelly, with a letter directed to Miss Clara, and to be delivered into her hands only. The old gentleman, when he saw the letter, (concluding it must come from Leontine) sprung up from his chair with joy; and, snatching it from the servant, ran to Clara, kissed her, and put the letter into her hand. She, ready to devour it with eagerness, cried out, "My Leontine! my Leontine!" and, breaking it open, after a short pause, in which her soul laboured with something too great for utterance, cried, "Ha!—his will! his will!"—and died away.—The shock was so affecting to the good old Arcasto, that it threw him into an illness which in a few days took away his life, and the unhappy Clara, having lost the use of her reason, fell also amidst the general ruin.

A N

## O D E T O L O V E.

**C**APRICIOUS Pow'rl to whom all nature  
yields,

Thou source of poignant grief, and heart-  
felt joy ;

Why, to compel mankind thy sway to own,  
Dost thou no arms but beauty e'er employ ?

In vain may virtue grace the female mind,  
Exalt, refine, and humanize the heart ;  
In vain the muse her garland may bestow,  
And to her favourite all her stores impart.

In vain thy handmaid, neatness, may attend,  
And sprightly wit each social charm supply ;  
Vain all that nature, all that art can give,  
Without the roseate bloom and sparkling eye.

Unhappy they, who, form'd to feel thy power,  
(To feel, alas ! what they can ne'er inspire)  
Shall meet the cold return of forc'd esteem,  
In change for gen'rous love's impassion'd  
fire.

Let

Let those to whom thy favours are denied,  
And on whose birth thy beauteous mother  
frown'd,

To calm indifference pay more prosperous vows;  
With her content and careless ease are found.

Thou sober nymph! by tuneful \**Greville* sung,  
To hers I join my far less skilful voice,  
For wise are they, who, shunning wayward love,  
To dwell with thee have made their prudent  
choice.

\* See Mrs. *Greville's* Ode to Indifference.

## ON THE IMPROVEMENT of LIFE.

**O**BIDAH, the son of Abensinah, left  
the caravensera early in the morning,  
and pursued his journey through the plains of  
Indostan. He was fresh and vigorous with  
rest; he was animated with hope; he was  
incited by desire: he walked swiftly forward  
over the vallies, and saw the hills gradually  
rising before him. As he passed along, his  
ears were delighted with the morning song of

Q

the



the bird of paradise; he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices; he sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring: all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

Thus he went on till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw on his right hand, a grove, that seemed to wave its shades, as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road, and he was pleased that by this happy experiment he had found means to unite pleasure with his business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues. He therefore still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardour, except that he was  
sometimes

sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, whom the heat had assembled in the shade; and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that grew on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last the green path began to decline from its first direction, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with water-falls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and open road, but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might sooth or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the

course of a gentle river, that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements the hours passed away uncounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was over-spread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted, and lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power, to tread back the ground which he passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the earth, and com-  
mended



mended his life to the lord of nature. He rose with confidence and tranquility, and pressed on with his sabre in his hand, for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and extirpation; all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Thus forlorn and distressed he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every step drawing nearer to safety or to destruction. At length, not fear but labour began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld through the brambles the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, "Tell me, said  
 " the hermit, by what chance thou hast been  
 Q 3 brought

“ brought hither; I have been now twenty  
 “ years an inhabitant of the wilderness, in  
 “ which I never saw a man before.” Obi-  
 dah then related the occurrences of his jour-  
 ney, without any concealment or palliation.

“ Son, said the hermit, let the errors and  
 “ follies, the dangers and escape of this day,  
 “ sink deep into thine heart. Remember,  
 “ my son, that human life is the journey of  
 “ a day. We rise in the morning of youth,  
 “ full of vigour, and full of expectation;  
 “ we set forward with spirit and hope, with  
 “ gaiety and with diligence, and travel on a  
 “ while in the strait road of piety towards  
 “ the mansions of rest. In a short time we  
 “ remit our fervour, and endeavour to find  
 “ some mitigation of our duty, and some  
 “ more easy means of obtaining the same  
 “ end. We then relax our vigour, and re-  
 “ solve no longer to be terrified with crimes  
 “ at a distance, but rely upon our own con-  
 “ stancy, and venture to approach what we  
 “ resolve never to touch. We thus enter the  
 “ bowers of ease, and repose in the shades  
 “ of security. Here the heart softens, and  
 “ vigilance subsides; we are then willing to  
 “ enquire whether another advance cannot be  
 made,

“ made, and whether we may not, at least,  
 “ turn our eyes upon the gardens of plea-  
 “ sure: we approach them with scruple and  
 “ hesitation; we enter them, but enter ti-  
 “ morous and trembling, and always hope  
 “ to pass through them without losing the  
 “ road of virtue, which we, for a while,  
 “ keep in our sight, and to which we pro-  
 “ pose to return. But temptation succeeds  
 “ temptation, and one compliance prepares  
 “ us for another; we in time lose the happi-  
 “ ness of innocence, and solace our disquiet  
 “ with sensual gratifications. By degrees we  
 “ let fall the remembrance of our original  
 “ intention, and quit the only adequate ob-  
 “ ject of rational desire. We entangle our-  
 “ selves in business, immerge ourselves in  
 “ luxury, and range through the labyrinths  
 “ of inconstancy, till the darkness of old age  
 “ begins to invade us, and disease and anxi-  
 “ ety obstruct our way. We then look back  
 “ upon our lives with horror, with sorrow,  
 “ with repentance, and wish, but too often  
 “ vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the  
 “ ways of virtue. Happy are they, my son,  
 “ who shall learn from thy example not to  
 “ despair, but shall remember, that though  
 “ the



“ the day is past, and their strength is wasted,  
 “ there yet remains one effort to be made;  
 “ that reformation is never hopeless, nor fin-  
 “ cere endeavours ever unassisted, but the  
 “ wanderer may at length return after all his  
 “ errors; and he who implores strength and  
 “ courage from above, shall find danger and  
 “ difficulty give way before him. Go now,  
 “ my son, to thy repose, commit thyself to  
 “ the care of omnipotence, and when the  
 “ morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy  
 “ journey and thy life.”

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## ZEPHYRUS and FLORA.

### A V I S I O N.

**A**S late I wander'd o'er the flow'ry plain,  
 Where Cambrian Clud pours his silver  
 tide,  
 Amidst the pleasures of fair Plenty's reign,  
 And blushing flow'rs and fruits on ev'ry  
 side:

Soft

Soft sigh'd the west winds, murm'ring o'er the  
dale, [breeze;

Whose ev'ry charm rose fresher from the  
The lofty hills more boldly kiss'd the gale,  
Which skim'd their tops, and shook the  
wavy trees.

The sun descending, shot his golden beams  
Askance, with many a cloud his ev'ning  
throne [streams,  
Adorn'd; while mountains, woods, and lucent  
With the last blushes of his radiance shone.

Far stretching hence, Cambria's rough heights  
I view,

Where Liberty long since forlorn retir'd,  
Left fairer climes, and skies of brighter hue,  
And, but at last, triumphantly expir'd:

And wide around me wound the fertile vale,  
Fit theme and subject of the poet's song;  
Whose num'rous beauties load the passing gale,  
Whose breath repeats them, as it glides along.

Bright Phœbus sunk, dim twilight now succeeds,  
Still gleaming dubious with uncertain ray,  
While tremblingly among the vocal reeds  
The ev'ning breezes still more faintly play.  
Amid

Amid this beauteous, soft, and flow'ry scene,  
 On a high bank, all listless, I reclin'd;  
 Whose shelving sides were crown'd with lively  
 green,

By tufted trees and bord'ring flow'rs confin'd.

Here, while the landscape faded on my sight,  
 Wild Fancy's eye still brighter scenes supply'd;  
 I view'd not the last track of parting light,  
 Nor mark'd the fanning breezes as they dy'd.

At length, Imagination, roving maid,  
 Tho' gentle sleep had fetter'd all my pow'rs  
 In golden chains, my busy soul convey'd  
 To other landscapes and immortal bow'rs.

Methought I stood amidst a garden fair,  
 Whose bounds no sight of mortal eye could  
 trace,

Situate mid-way betwixt earth, seas, and air,  
 Unmark'd by time, uncircumscrib'd by space.

Not half so sweet was that delightful dale,  
 Which to my waking view appear'd so bright;  
 For *here* did never-ceasing suns prevail,  
 With mildest sweetness temp'ring heav'nly  
 light.

Spring



Spring breath'd eternal glories o'er the land:  
 And gentlest winds, o'er fragrant lawns that  
 blow,  
 Nurs'd beauteous buds unset by mortal hand,  
 And op'ning flow'rs that without planting  
 grow.

Serene the heav'ns, save where a cloudy shrine,  
 Big with cœlestial plenty, sail'd on high,  
 Show'r'd Spring's own roses from her seat divine,  
 And drew a purple radiance o'er the sky.

Meanwhile, soft music echoing from each grove,  
 Tun'd to enchanting notes most soft and clear,  
 That breath'd the soul of harmony and love,  
 Thrill'd the wrapt breast, and charm'd the  
 list'ning ear.

And still the while, with voices loud and sweet,  
 The warbling birds in dulcet concert join'd,  
 The waters murm'ring flow with cadence meet,  
 " Low answer'd by the gently whisp'ring  
 wind."

These themes of wonder silent I survey'd,  
 Attentive hanging on each dying sound;  
 Pleas'd with the glories which I saw display'd,  
 And scenes of joy and pleasure op'ning round:  
 Yet

Yet still methought a certain want appear'd,  
 Of some to own this spot so heav'nly fair,  
 Else were each charming flow'ret vainly rear'd,  
 " To bloom unnotic'd to the desert air:"

Else were in vain these soft melodious strains,  
 Which the whole soul of harmony inspir'd,  
 Pour'd to the wild woods and the lonely plains,  
 Tho' worthiest still by all to be admir'd.

Such were creation's first imperfect hours,  
 When the gay heav'ns in early beauty shone,  
 And earth, bedeck'd with beasts, birds,  
 plants, and flow'rs,  
 Spread all her bosom to the genial sun.

Unfinish'd still the mighty work appear'd,  
 Till Man, the lord of all, was bid to rise;  
 With open brow his face divine who rear'd,  
 And sought with upright look his native  
 skies.

Thus, as I paus'd, still louder swell'd the  
 notes, [hill;  
 From ev'ry bush, and brake, and echoing  
 While choirs cœlestial seem'd to tune their  
 throats, [fill.  
 And with glad voice the chearful chorus  
 Then,

Then, by some magic pow'r swift snatch'd  
away,

Ev'n to the midst of that delightful land,  
I view'd at once, all clad in bright array,  
A thousand Genii of the gardens stand.

But far above all these a seat was plac'd,  
Dress'd with each flow'r that ev'ry season  
knows,

Whose vary'd tints, in gem-like order, grac'd  
The rural theatre which gradual rose.

For lo! the Genius of each blooming flow'r  
Brought his own fav'rite with peculiar care,  
To deck the arch of this enchanted bow'r,  
And, bowing at the throne, he plac'd it there.

A sight more beauteous ne'er did eye behold,  
Than these bright tribes that glitter'd on  
the day;

And rich in purple dyes and flaming gold,  
Did their bright bosoms to the sun display.

Such was the throne;—but oh! what pen can  
trace

The heav'nly beauties of the matchless two,  
Who, glowing with each bright cœlestial  
grace,

Sat there aloft, conspicuous to the view!  
The



The first, a youth of sweet and gentle mien,  
 With many a wreath and knotted garland  
 crown'd; [serene,  
 Whose beauteous visage glow'd with charms  
 And on whose shoulders purple wings were  
 bound:

These when he spreads, reviving Nature pours  
 Her copious treasures of immortal bloom;  
 Whilst thro' vast realms he scatters vernal stores,  
 And from his downy pinions shakes perfume.

His name was ZEPHYRUS; and next him sat  
 The beauteous goddess of the blooming year,  
 The constant partner of his rural state,  
 To heav'n and earth, to gods and mortals dear;

FLORA, bright pow'r, who sheds a thousand  
 sweets [pear;

O'er thousand lands, what time her gifts ap-  
 What time her consort with his kisses greets  
 Her coral lips, and wakes the rising year.

Her beauteous face was deck'd with youthful  
 pride,

Her graceful form in flaming robes was dress'd;  
 And ev'ry charm wild Nature could provide,  
 Adorn'd her head, and beam'd upon her breast.

Beside

Befide the throne, rang'd in fair order, flood  
 The various Seasons of the rolling year;  
 By all their train of months, weeks, days purfu'd:  
 And all their various symbols flourish'd here.

First came the SPRING, led by the rosy Hours,  
 With all the Loves and Graces in her train;  
 Deck'd with her wreath of never-fading flow'rs,  
 Diffufing odours o'er the fmiling plain.

Next SUMMER came; his cheeks with ardour fir'd,  
 With his own blufhing fruits and harvefts  
 crown'd;  
 Before whose face the infant Spring retir'd,  
 And with her roses ftrew'd the ruffet ground.

Stain'd with the grape's prefs'd juice, with fteadier pace,  
 Still looking backward on preceding time,  
 Ripe AUTUMN next fucceeded in his place;  
 Scatt'ring rich fruits, the growth of ev'ry clime.

Last WINTER comes, with heavy ftap and flow,  
 A hoary captive bound in icy chains;  
 With haggard eyes, and mantle dipp'd in fnow,  
 Who ftill of cold in Spring's own realms  
 complains.

Not one of these, but from their various store  
 Some off ring meet to lovely Flora pay ;  
 Not one of these, but wish that off ring more,  
 And her soft reign most willingly obey.

Ev'n WINTER's self, with look averted, throws  
 His thin-strewn flow'rets on the goddess'  
 shrine ;

Ev'n *his* cold bosom for a moment glows,  
 When he beholds her radiant form divine.

But now the Genii of each plant and flow'r,  
 Rang'd in fair order, wait her high com-  
 mands ;

And each, approaching her delicious bow'r,  
 In expectation of her verdict stands.

For many of the *garden's* painted race,  
 And some that with their colours deck the  
*field,*

Rivals in wealth, in beauty, and in grace,  
 Had wag'd high wars, unknowing how to  
 yield.

All claim'd preferment, and each one could  
 boast

Of some bright beauty or perfection dear,  
 Which should induce mankind to prize *her*  
 most,

And to preferment make her title clear.

And



And some, of empty shew and titles vain;  
 Alas! that Pride so many should deceive!  
 Claim'd o'er their kindred plants and flow'rs  
 to reign: [reave.

And of their birthright others would be-

The Crown Imperial, and the spurious flow'r

Which boasts of royal arms and royal mien\*;

The warlike plant that claims immortal  
 pow'r†, [Queen.

And that gay lady call'd the Meadow's

All these, and more, that scorn'd a subject state,

Rose to the claim of high imperial sway:

Forgetting — to be *good* was to be *great* —

They rose to rule, unpractis'd to obey.

Others again for *beauty*'s meed contend,

Chief amidst whom appear'd the tulip race;

A painted tribe, born only to contend

For praise, where *all* is giv'n external grace.

Alcæa proud‡; and lovely Venus' joy,

That does from adverse winds its title  
 claim||;

The once conceited, self-admiring boy§,

Whose love prepost'rous gave a flow'r a name.

\* Iris, or Fleur de lis. † Larkspur. ‡ The Hollyhock.

|| Anemone, or Wind Flower. § Narcissus.

R

The

The proud Carnation dipp'd in brightest dyes,  
 Who still with thirst of praise and glory  
 burns ;

With her whose mirrour cheats deluded eyes\*,  
 And she that still to her lov'd Phœbus  
 turns §.

These, with their num'rous chiefs of different  
 hues, [train,  
 The painted Cock's Comb, and his lofty  
 Their beauties vaunting, to the rest refuse  
 To share the glories of their gaudy reign.

The judges sat, each sep'rate claim was heard,  
 While some for *rule*, and some for *praises*  
 fought; [ferr'd,  
 And some had been disgrac'd, and some pre-  
 As in the goddess' mind their various  
 pleadings wrought.

But her lov'd consort, gently whisp'ring said,  
 " What means my Queen, on these to cast  
 her sight, [play'd,  
 Who have but pride or lust of sway dis-  
 Nor brought their real worth or virtues to  
 the light?"

\* Bell Flower, Corn Violet, or Venus's Looking-  
 Glass. § Clytie, or the Sun Flower.

How many absent now, more fair than these,  
 With greater fragrance in lone vallies  
 blow?

Or, if the garden's flow'ry tribe more please,  
 Where do the Rose and lovely Vi'let glow?

The Lily where, and all that num'rous host,  
 Who claim true praise to innate virtue due;  
 Or do they *merit least* who *loudest boast*,  
 And with false glare impose upon the view?

For sure, of all who feel my genial gale,  
 Or to the sun their fragrant breasts unfold,  
 The best and sweetest that on earth prevail,  
 Yet do I not in this fair court behold."

He said; and FLORA, rising from her throne,  
 Bade present search for ev'ry one be made:  
 Who, tho' their off'rings on her altar shone,  
 Their modest haste had from the court  
 convey'd.

Strait they return'd:—the lovely blushing  
 Rose,

The Lily ever chaste and ever fair,  
 The Vi'let sweet with purple tints that glows,  
 And Myrtle green, that scents the ambient  
 air:



With many more, grateful to sight and smell,  
 By bounteous heav'n with matchless charms  
 endu'd;

That in the fragrant meads or gardens dwell,  
 Or which wild wastes from human eyes se-  
 clude.

These by their Genii now in modest guise,  
 Excus'd from pleading 'midst the mingled  
 throng,

Claim'd but the tribute all allow'd their prize,  
 Nor fought their own just praises to prolong.

Yet, these once seen, abash'd their rivals stand;  
 And would have fled, but FLORA this deny'd;  
 Who, rising graceful, with her out-stretch'd hand,  
 Thus briefly to th' assembled pow'rs apply'd:

“ Genii of gardens, meads, and sylvan scenes,  
 Attendant still in FLORA's vernal train,  
 Say what this ardent, fond contention means,  
 Why strive you thus for pow'r, and strive in  
 vain?

Are you not all beneath our sceptre blest;  
 Say, do not all confess our gentle sway?  
 Then seek not one to triumph o'er the rest,  
 But each in peaceful order still obey.

So

So *all* the glories of my reign shall share,  
 So *all* be still in poets songs renown'd,  
 So shall my ZEPHYR still with gentlest air,  
 Wave o'er your beds, with bloom eternal  
 crown'd.

And *you*, who not for pow'r, but beauty's  
 charms,

For gaudy tints, still fiercely would contend ;  
 What envious fire such gentle bosoms warms?  
 And where, alas! must the mad contest end?

Each has her charms, and each peculiar worth,  
 To all in various portions duly giv'n,  
 By secret Nature working at its birth,  
 The lavish bounty of indulgent Heav'n.

Each has her charms:—but view the blushing  
 Rose,  
 Behold the beauties of the Lily fair;  
 Few boast of equal excellence to those,  
 Yet with their modest merit none compare.

These, therefore, we prefer; and tho' no Queen  
 Besides Ourselves we will to hold the reign;  
 Yet, for their true desert conspicuous seen,  
 We rank them foremost on the flow'ry plain.

Hear, and obey; and if aught else abide,  
 To raise dispute among your orders bright;  
 Still by due merit let the cause be try'd,  
 And specious *shew* yield to more solid *right*."

She spoke;—the Seasons, and the winged Hours,  
 Confirm'd her voice; then breath'd a rich  
 perfume,  
 Which ZEPHYR scatter'd wide o'er all the flow'rs,  
 And deck'd their leaves with more than  
 mortal bloom.

Then, his lov'd consort straining in his arms,  
 With gentlest touch salutes her swelling breast;  
 Who strait shone forth in more refulgent charms,  
 As JUNO when by verdant JOVE caress'd.

And sudden joining in a merry dance,  
 The airy phantoms of the scene appear'd;  
 Some to the sprightly timbrel did advance,  
 While some their clear harmonious voices  
 rear'd.

But One among the rest, who view'd me stand  
 Intent, and gazing on the prospect near,  
 Came forth, and gently touch'd my trembling  
 hand, [fear;  
 And bade me mark his words, and nothing  
 " And



“ And seest thou not (said he) these vary'd  
flow'rs,

Contending still for beauty or for sway?  
Such are the contests which employ men's hours,  
In life's short, busy, transitory day.

For what is gaudy beauty's short-liv'd bloom,  
The pomp of pow'r, of riches, or of pride;  
Soon bury'd in the undistinguish'd tomb,  
Which all their boasted pomp at once must  
hide?

VIRTUE alone survives, immortal maid!  
Her truly amaranthine flow'r shall blow,  
When all the rest are wrapt in dusky shade,  
And laid in dark and dusky ruins low.

Hear and attend!—improve the moral strain,  
So may'st thou sail safe thro' life's dangerous  
sea;  
So from these scenes thou wisdom may'st attain,  
And FLORA prove MINERVA's self to thee.”

He ceas'd; and well I mark'd the prudent lore,  
And much revolv'd his saying in my mind;  
Bent all the mystic moral to explore,  
By this romantic, splendid scene design'd.

But

But, the full concert swelling on my ear,  
 The bands of Sleep dissolv'd, away he flies;  
 At once the train of phantoms disappear,  
 And on my waking sight the vision dies.

No longer now near FLORA'S bow'r I stood,  
 But view'd with op'ning eyes the rising day;  
 Then down the valley fair my path pursu'd,  
 And homeward took my solitary way.

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## A N

## Irregular ODE on a CANDLE.

**L**IGHT of my solitude, I see  
 The emblem of my life in thee.  
 Time was when neither thou nor I were made;  
 And thou shalt be a smoke, and I a shade.  
 I see thy substance, short-liv'd taper, waste;  
 And I, tho' unperceiv'd, decay as fast.  
 Those very moments whilst I think are gone,  
 See the succeeding urge them on:  
 Silent they also fly, and mingle with the past.

They're gone, for ever gone, and now  
 Older am I, and shorter thou:  
 But since our loss can be retriev'd no more,  
 Let us well husband the remaining store:

Thy

Thy wasting flame the fire I see,  
 Attracts, and so does interest me.  
 The winds too rudely shock thy frame,  
 By me rough passions do the same:

But both are now forbidden here,  
 For I am calm, and thou art clear.  
 Say then so swiftly down thy side,  
 Why does the unctuous current glide?  
 The thievish spark, that shall no more  
 Shine falsely bright, it steals away thy store.

That thievish spark in man, is *love*,  
 What mad disorders does it move?  
 How does it on his vitals prey,  
 Soothe him by night, perplex by day,  
 Flatter, yet waste his very soul away? }

But oh! thy flame must quickly die,  
 In vain I heap up a supply  
 Of unctuous fuel, and in vain  
 I would thy quiv'ring snuff sustain:  
 So when the human lamp shall fade,  
 By art and injuries decay'd,

Our hopes in art, and med'cine fail,  
 Nor art, nor med'cine can avail  
 The man by time worn out, by nature  
 frail. }

Striv'ft



Striv'st thou to brightness to attain?  
 Alas! thou must no longer burn,  
 Poor glimm'ring light! 'tis past, adieu,  
 Lo! thy example I pursue,  
 For I, like thee, must be forgotten too.

For e'er thy memory shall not last,  
 When these reflections once are past,  
 Thy form, thy flame, forgotten quite,  
 If lovely that, if this is bright,  
 In dismal darkness lost, and endless night.

But oh! may I (since such an end  
 Doth sure on mortal life attend)  
 Always enjoy an useful, bright,  
 And steady, tho' an humble light,  
 From passions, and from dulness free;  
 Nor dimm'd by this, nor discompos'd by those,  
 Softly may life approach its latest close;  
 At length an easy dissolution find,  
 Gently expire, nor leave a stench behind.

## The MAN of HONOUR.

**D**E L'Isle and De la Fosse were two  
 French officers, who lived not long  
 ago. They had both been born in the same  
 town,

town, the same street, and were almost next-door neighbours. They had passed their infancy, and the first part of their youthful years together, as play-fellows, or school-fellows, and a most cordial friendship was contracted.

Unfortunately for them and their parents, an officer's commission for each was purchased in two different regiments, between whom had long subsisted an inveterate animosity. Whenever a rivalry of this kind happens between two regiments, it is the business of their superiors to caution against their meeting each other, either on the march or in garrison, and even to guard against a meeting of the individuals; for which reason, before the one regiment arrives at garrison, it is evacuated by the other.

De L'Isle's regiment was upon duty at Montpellier, and De la Fosse bore his commission in a regiment that was to succeed it. The latter having a strong desire to see the former, obtained leave to go a day or two before, on pretence to see a friend of his who was much indisposed.

De

De L'Isle was transported with joy at seeing him, as well as on account of the obliging stratagem he had invented for that purpose.

Having dined and drank a chearful glass of Frontiniac together, De L'Isle conducted his friend to a kind of licensed gaming-house in the environs of Montpellier. They played a few games: De L'Isle having the run of cards in his favour, won every one. The other, somewhat piqued, said unguardedly, "Is it possible to win so? How do you contrive to get such cards." "Keep your temper (replied De L'Isle) the cards may favour you in a game or two more."

—This friendly altercation ended in a laugh on both sides. They paid the usual tax of the place for cards, went home, supped together, and on parting took a farewell embrace of each other, De L'Isle being to set out from Montpellier with his regiment the next morning, in order to make room for De la Fosse's.

It seems, unhappily for them both, and quite unknown to De L'Isle, that an officer belonging to his corps, who had got intelligence of De la Fosse's belonging to the  
the



the regiment adverse to theirs, stood behind while they played at cards, in order to observe what should pass between them. The busy listener had remarked the impatient expressions at losing, which De la Fosse's too warm temper had let escape. These seeming to imply an inuendo of foul play, he construed as an affront; which, on account of the then subsisting regimental antipathy, was not then to be put up with. Wherefore waiting on De L'Isle in the morning, he told him his sense of the affair, and that he must go and demand immediate satisfaction, both for the sake of his own honour and that of the corps to which he belonged.

De L'Isle, alarmed at the cruel purport of this unexpected visit, remonstrated to his brother officer the undesigning and good-natured warmth of his friend; that they had been intimate from their infancy; that the fatal consequences, perhaps, of such a requisition would effectually ruin his peace of mind for ever, should he be even the survivor.

All his excuses, however, were treated as unmanly; and he was told, he might do

do as he pleased; but, that a faithful narrative of the affair should be laid before the superior officers.

Torn with anxiety and horror, he went to De la Fosse's lodgings, and acquainted him with the terrible dilemma they were both in, and that the horrid mandate of military usage must be obeyed. They went out upon the ramparts of the town, drew their swords, with great regret, against each other, and soon received on both sides wounds sufficient to disable them from continuing the combat any more that day, as well as to atone, in the judgment of any men but refined barbarians, for so trifling, nay, imaginary an affront.

This duel was fought in the sight of some of De L'Isle's officers, who had been sent on purpose to observe him. As soon as he got his wounds dressed, he repaired to satisfy his superior officers: these refused to see him, but ordered it should be intimated to him that what he had done was not enough, because one of the parties must die.

In consequence of this merciless injunction, the distracted youths, neither desiring  
to

to outlive his friend, by mutual agreement ran upon each others sword, in the fond hope of expiring together: which was nearly the case; for De la Fosse dropt in the instant at De L'Isle's feet, who was so terribly wounded that his recovery was despaired of for six weeks, by the surgeon to whose house he had been privately conveyed, and where he was kept secreted from all the enquiries of justice.

De la Fosse was, by the immediate care of the military gentlemen, thrown into a hole dug for that purpose, and round which they stood with their swords drawn, till the flesh was all consumed, or so far disfigured that the sentence of the law could not be executed upon it, viz. That the body of a person slain in a duel is to be dragged on a sledge, through the streets, &c.

In about three months after this unhappy catastrophe, De L'Isle escaped privately in the night time from Montpellier, and fled to Spain, where he has lived ever since, lamenting the loss of his country, his parents, and his friend.



Is there no one now who blushes for this savage honour? Let us leave this character to those who are willing to be satisfied with sounds and emptiness. All the *Men of Honour* in the kingdom are not worth one virtuous man. True honour is the bright sun which warms noble souls to noble deeds. To be honourable is to be virtuous: the Temple of VIRTUE leads to the Temple of HONOUR.

F I N I S.



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